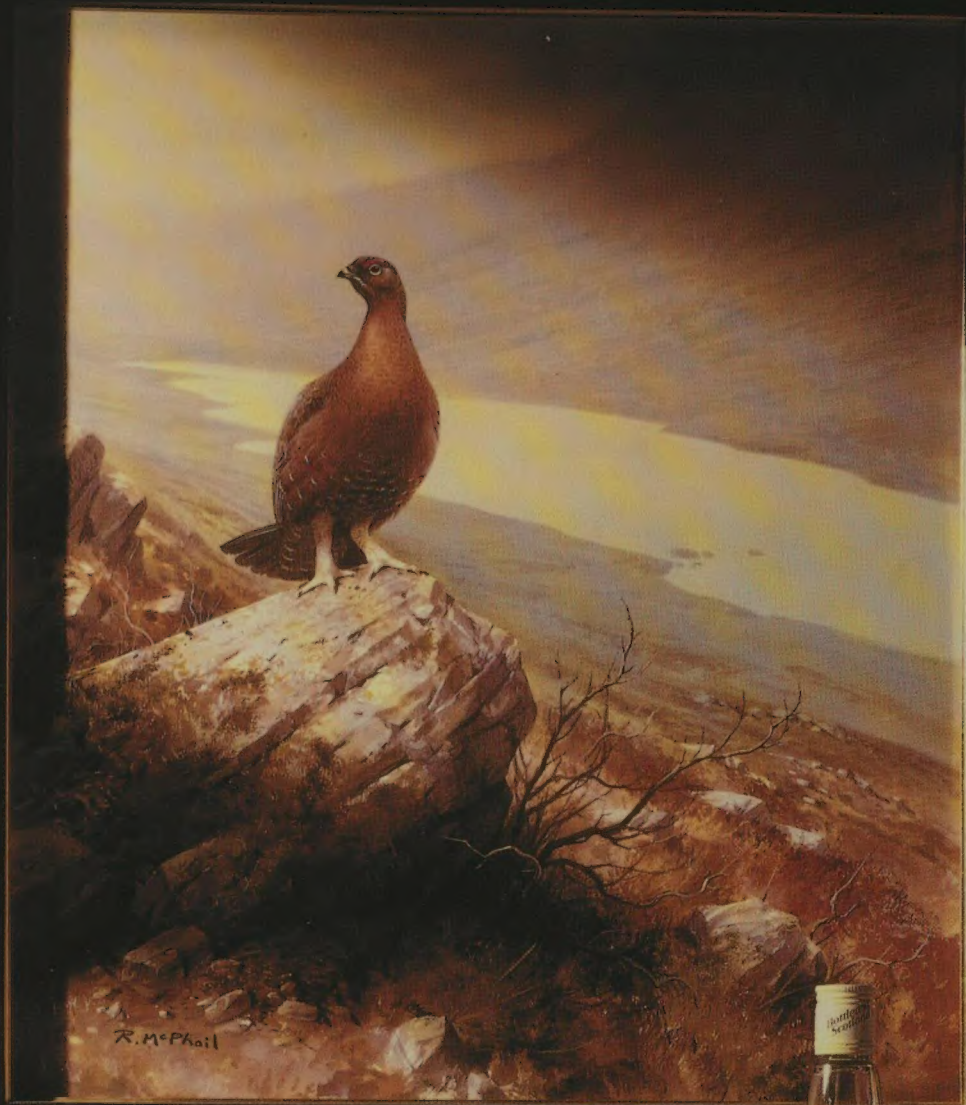


CHRISTMAS NUMBER 1990





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COVER: *Christmas Play* by Steve Easby,
whose work is currently on display at the
Portal Gallery, Grafton Street, W1.

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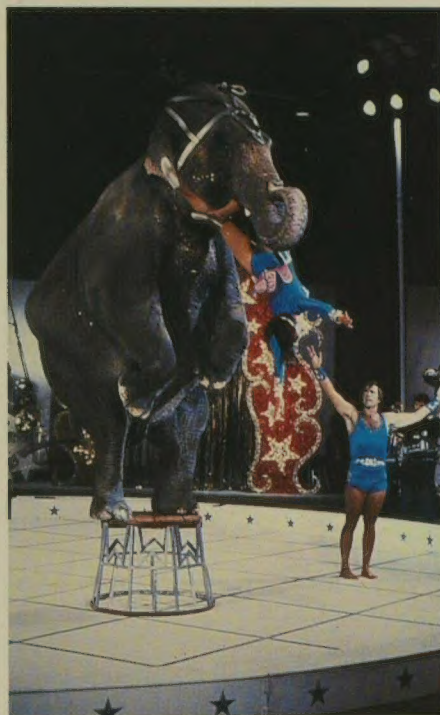
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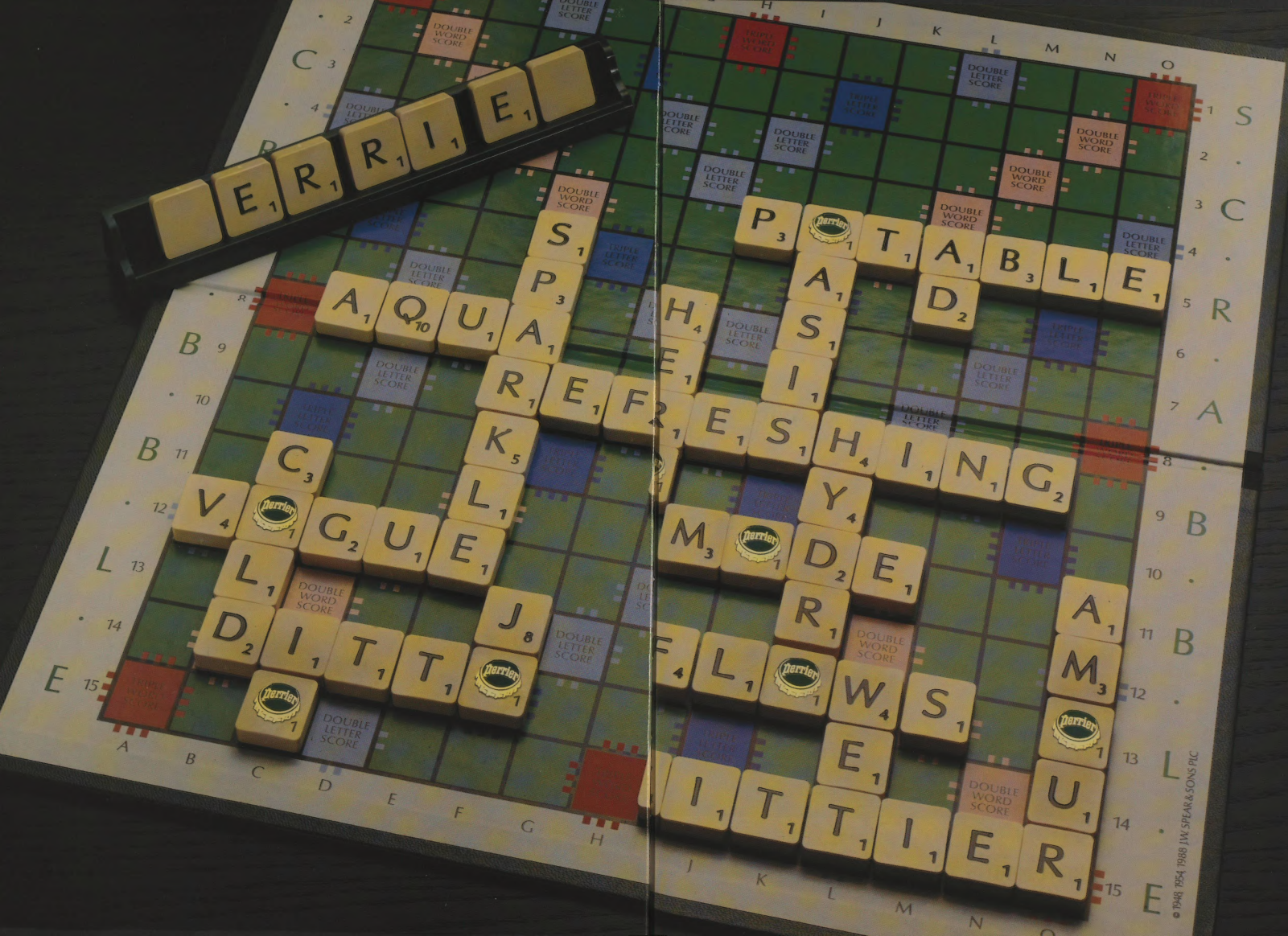
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NELSON'S COLUMN

TALE OF TWO CONSTABLES

Two Constables come up for sale in London before Christmas. The first and best-known, *The Lock*, is to be sold at Sotheby's on November 14, and carries an estimate of £10-£15 million. Attempts are being made to raise enough money to save it for the nation (the National Museum of Wales is particularly keen to have it). The second, an attractive Dedham Vale landscape known as *The Entrance to Fen Lane*, once rejected by experts as, in their evasively vague vernacular, "not right", has now been given a clean bill of health and is to go on sale at Phillips on December 11, when it is expected to fetch between £2 million and £3 million.

The Lock is indubitably among Constable's masterpieces. It is one of the celebrated six scenes of the River Stour, known as the "six-footers", and is the only one left in private hands. Of the others two, *The Young Waltonians* and *The Hay Wain*, are in the National Gallery. Another, *The Leaping Horse*, is in the Royal Academy. A fifth, *The White Horse*, is in the Frick Collection in New York and the sixth, *View on the Stour near Dedham*, is in the Huntington Library and Art Gallery in California.

Constable was pleased with *The Lock*, for which he painted a full-scale oil sketch (now in the Philadelphia Museum of Art) and which took him more than a year to complete. "My friends all tell me it is my best," he wrote to Archdeacon Fisher in 1824. "Be that as it may, I have done my best. It is a good subject and an admirable instance of the picturesque."

The critics were also enthusiastic. "Mr Constable has caught the portraiture of nature more powerfully, perhaps, than ever in his Boat passing a Lock," said *The Examiner*. "Mr Constable contributes a landscape composition which for depth, sparkling light, freshness and vigorous effect exceeds any of his works," noted the *Morning Post*. "The landscape is very fresh, clear and pure in colour," wrote the *London Magazine*, but added severely: "We lament to see that Mr Constable has not reformed that spotty manner of laying on his colour, which makes it seem as if it had been dredged upon the canvas."

The painting was sold on the first day of the Royal Academy exhibition in 1824 for 150 guineas to James Morrison, and has passed by family descent to the present owners, the Trustees of Walter Morrison's Picture Settlement, for the benefit of the descendants of Colonel Morrison's daughter Mary, wife of Major John Dent-Brocklehurst of Sudeley Castle.



Two Constables for sale in London: *The Lock*, left, comes up at Sotheby's; *The Entrance to Fen Lane*, below, is offered by Phillips.

Much less is known about *The Entrance to Fen Lane*, though experts seem agreed that it looks all right now. It is related to a pencil drawing dated July 25, 1817, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The viewpoint is the junction of Flatford and Fen Lanes, one the artist will have known from his boyhood days when he would walk to school in Dedham from his home in East Bergholt. Constable made many journeys to the area with his sketchbook in the early 19th century, but his visits became less frequent after his marriage in 1816. The six-foot canvases were all painted in his London studio, but *The Entrance to Fen Lane* seems to have developed from a number of open-air sketches he made during a 10-week stay in East Bergholt in 1817. It was his last visit before the family home was sold.

Unknown Constables do not often turn up in this way. *The Entrance to Fen Lane* is not recorded in the standard reference books and has not been exhibited since 1894, when it was shown at the Royal Academy. Since then it has hung on the wall of a country house where the family has always referred to it as "The Constable", though without much conviction following its rejection by a leading authority between the



wars. The painting would have greatly satisfied the critic of the *London Magazine*, being much less spotty in the laying on of colour, but its sale this winter will inevitably be overshadowed by that of *The Lock*, unless a private sale is negotiated before November 14. Timothy Stephens of the National Museum of Wales is more guarded than hopeful in his comments about the chances of that happening. "It's an awful lot of money to have to raise," he says, but adds that, in horse-racing terms, "outsiders do sometimes win."

NELSON'S COLUMN

A VISION OF BANKSIDE



PENNY TWEEDIE

Michael Spender, director of the Bankside Gallery, now celebrating its 10th anniversary.

Ten years ago the only buildings worthy of note in Hopton Street, SE1, were the charming almshouses erected in 1752 under the will of a successful local fishmonger who gave his name both to the street and to the houses. Today the street has no better buildings but a great many more visitors. They come to this rather drab riverside stretch, still dominated by Sir Giles Scott's huge power station, to see the attractions provided by the Bankside Gallery, where a gruff exterior hides one of the friendliest and most

approachable art galleries in London.

Its director, Michael Spender, who is as friendly and approachable as his gallery, was in his tiny office when we went to see him, happily unwrapping a selection of Sir Hugh Casson's watercolours which form part of the gallery's 10th-anniversary exhibition, *Visions of Venice*, which combines works by such celebrated visionaries of that city as Turner and Ruskin with that of 28 contemporary artists.

The Bankside Gallery is headquarters of the Royal Watercolour Society and the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, and Spender is secretary of both institutions as well as director of their gallery, which puts on both society's main shows as well as open exhibitions for non-members, occasional loan exhibitions and a jolly Christmas show, at which paintings on the walls are replaced as soon as sold. "It's a real bonanza," Spender says. "On one day two years ago 150 people came to the Christmas show and between them went out with 250 pictures."

Spender joined the societies in 1980, when the two institutions decided to

establish the gallery on a 50-50 basis as a national centre for works of art on paper. "Our aim is to broaden people's interest in watercolours, and to educate in what is a very difficult medium," Spender says. "Watercolours have been undervalued, but are becoming much more fashionable. They are very well suited to the modern home."

The Bankside home is working well, Spender thinks, though it is far from the recognised area for London galleries, and there was some resistance initially to making what may seem an awful trek south of the river. "We were originally attracted to this area by the prospect of the Globe Theatre development. We're still waiting for that, but we find that once we've got someone here for the first time we've won the psychological battle: people like the gallery, and we get far more coming here than we had when we were in Conduit Street."

Visions of Venice, which is sponsored by Pirelli UK and is in aid of the Venice in Peril Fund, runs until December 2, and the Christmas Show from December 13 to 23.



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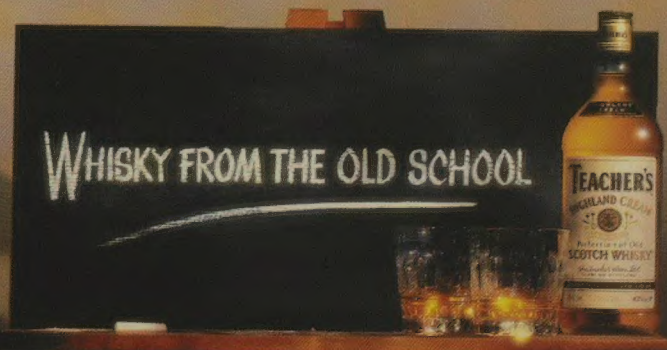
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NELSON'S COLUMN

LORD PETER'S CENTURY



BBC TELEVISION/RADIO

Lord Peter Wimsey, the aristocratic sleuth created 100 years ago by Dorothy Sayers, was personified for television by Edward Petherbridge.

A hundred years ago, according to his creator, a strange and most entertaining man was born. If he had existed, his *Who's Who* entry would have read: Wimsey, Peter Death Bredon, DSO, born 1890. 2nd son of Mortimer Gerald Bredon Wimsey, 15th Duke of Denver, and of Honoria Lucasta, daughter of Francis Delagardie of Bellingham Manor, Hants. Educated: Eton College and Balliol College, Oxford (1st Class Honours, School of Modern History, 1912); served with HM Forces 1914-18 (Major, Rifle Brigade). Author of *Notes on the Collecting of Incunabula*, *The Murderer's Vade Mecum*, etc. Recreations: Criminology, bibliophily, music, cricket. Clubs: Marlborough, Egotists'. Residences: 110A Piccadilly, W; Bredon Hall, Duke's Denver, Norfolk. Arms: Sable, three mice courant, argent; crest: a domestic cat crouched as to spring, proper; motto: "As my whimsy takes me".

That is typical of Dorothy L. Sayers who created Lord Peter Wimsey, hero of such masterpieces of the whodunnit as *The Nine Tailors* and *Murder Must Advertise*. Irony, wit, snobbishness, literacy and fun shout from them. When Lord Peter made his debut in 1923 in *Whose Body?* the English detective story was entering its golden age, but Dorothy Sayers had had few classic predecessors. Dickens had given us Inspector Bucket in *Bleak House* and, presumably, Datchery in *Edwin Drood*; and Wilkie Collins had brought the detective story out of the gothic novel in 1868 with *The Moonstone*. In 1887 Conan Doyle had brought forth Sherlock Holmes, and soon there would be a vogue for detectives who were "different" or downright grotesque: G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown—a priest who heard so much of human evil as part of his calling that he had a unique insight into the criminal mind, Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot, with his waxed moustaches and his comical, almost silly, mannerisms and John Dickson Carr's Dr Gideon Fell, who

was quite unashamedly modelled on Chesterton.

The idea of Lord Peter Wimsey was logical for the 1920s. As the younger brother of a duke he was rich enough to employ a manservant at the generous salary of £200 a year, and to indulge his hobby of buying rare first editions. He drove a Bentley—what else?—at breakneck speed, and he knew everybody of interest in London.

But he was not just an aristocratic snob. In *Strong Poison* we find him urging his sister, Lady Mary Wimsey, to marry Chief Inspector Parker of Scotland Yard. "Mary can't marry a policeman," moans the Duke, adding in horror, "You're not going to marry a policewoman?" Whereupon Lord Peter floors him by announcing he is going to marry the prisoner, Harriet Vane, whose innocence of a charge of murder he has just proved.

Dorothy L. Sayers was more of a snob than Wimsey, but she was no fool. She was in the first batch of Oxford's women MAs (from Somerville College), a notable linguist, no mean poet and playwright, and was to be the English-speaking world's main translator of Dante. Her superior intelligence made her look down on the less gifted, and she had the affected habit of pronouncing her surname to rhyme with pears.

With the possible exception of Sherlock Holmes, whose exploits still provide us with the finest fictional portrait of late-Victorian London, Wimsey was the first rounded character in English detective fiction. There really were aristocrats in the 1920s and 1930s who lived much as Lord Peter did, even if they lacked his brains. In *Clouds of Witness*, 1926, there is a *tour de force* of a trial in the House of Lords of a peer of the realm—an amazing piece of theatre that few other writers, if any, would have dared to tackle. In that book also a vital piece of evidence is flown across the Atlantic to England by "Air pilot Grant" with Lord Peter: daring enough for 1926.

Dorothy Sayers put a great deal of herself into *Murder Must Advertise*, 1933. Pym's Publicity in Southampton Row is modelled on Benson's Advertising Agency where she had worked for most of the 1920s, even down to the spiral staircase where Victor Dean fell to his death. She has Lord Peter, masquerading as Mr Death Bredon, working at Pym's where he invents such advertising slogans as "Whiffle your Way Round Britain"—Whifflets being a brand of cigarette—and the office at Pym's comes alive for the reader even today.

Dorothy Sayers was now working on *The Nine Tailors*, published in 1934, by which she is most remembered. A faceless and handless corpse is found in someone else's grave at Fenchurch St Paul's in the Fen country, during a winter that is so cold and damp it seems to curl the pages as you turn them. Even if you ignore the explanation of how the corpse met its end, the book is a wonderful evocation of a rural life that is almost modern, and yet as extinct as the England of Cobbett. The bell-ringing sequences and the final scenes of the flood and the gathering of the village people in the church are magnificent.

Gaudy Night, 1935, and *Busman's Honeymoon*, 1937, (originally a play) were the last two Wimsey novels, and probably the worst. *Gaudy Night*, in which Lord Peter gets Harriet at last, does not even have a murder. There are nasty characters, silly characters, and a few genuinely humorous characters, but the picture of an Oxford college, based on Somerville, is full of boringly pretentious chatter by the female dons. In *Busman's Honeymoon* the newly-married Lord Peter and Harriet move into a country house called Talboys, where Lord Peter's manservant, Bunter, discovers the corpse of the previous owner in the cellar. In its portrayal of village characters the book is only a little behind *The Nine Tailors*; but the murder method owes more to Heath Robinson than to one of the great mistresses of the whodunnit.

The television series of *Dorothy L. Sayers Mysteries*, with Edward Petherbridge as Lord Peter and Harriet Walter as Harriet Vane, showed how popular are these classics of the 1920s and 1930s. The flippancy of Lord Peter's aristocratic repartee still entertains, as does his arrogant knowingness. In *Strong Poison* he and Bunter conduct Marsh's test for arsenic, and Lord Peter tells Bunter not to talk like Jeeves for "it irritates me". Yet Bunter is invaluable; he can do anything from pulling his master out of a swamp to taking pictures with a wide-angle lens. He even knows how to explain to Harriet the art of overcoming Lord Peter's bouts of neurosis that result from his having been buried in a land-mine explosion during the First World War.

And what does Lord Peter look like? Edward Petherbridge, of course; or, as Miss Meteyard put it in *Murder Must Advertise*, "Tow-coloured, supercilious-looking blighter... cross between Ralph Lynn and Bertie Wooster". No doubt he would enjoy a telegram from the Queen.

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WINDOW ON THE WORLD

AUGUST 23

The Parliament of Armenia voted by 183 to 2 to adopt a declaration of independence from the Soviet Union, describing Armenia as a self-governing state but setting no deadline for achieving full independence.

AUGUST 24

Brian Keenan, an Irishman held hostage in Beirut for 1,596 days, was released by the Islamic Dawn Organisation. On his return to Dublin he said that during his captivity he had seen the British hostage John McCarthy and two Americans, and all seemed in good spirits. He also thought Terry Waite was alive and held in the same building.

AUGUST 25

The UN Security Council voted 13-0 to authorise a naval blockade of Iraq under UN auspices, allowing warships to use "measures commensurate to the specific circumstances" to halt inward and outward shipping "in order to inspect and verify their cargoes and destinations".

AUGUST 26

178 miners died when they were trapped 500 feet underground after an explosion in a coal-mine at Kreka, Bosnia, in Yugoslavia.

AUGUST 27

After a trial lasting six months the jury at Southwark Crown Court returned verdicts of guilty against four men charged with breaking the law while organising the Guinness takeover of the Distillers group in 1986. Ernest Saunders, former Guinness chairman and chief executive, was found guilty of fraud, theft and false accounting and was sentenced on August 28 to five years in prison. Gerald Ronson, chairman of the Heron group, was sentenced to one year in prison and fined £5 million, with £400,000 costs, on similar charges. Anthony Parnes, a City stockbroker, was sentenced to 2½ years imprisonment and ordered to pay £440,000 costs on charges of conspiracy, theft and false accounting. Sentencing of the fourth defendant, Sir Jack Lyons, who was found guilty on similar

charges, was postponed while he underwent a serious operation.

President Bush ordered the expulsion of 36 Iraqi embassy personnel from Washington and restricted the movements of the remaining 19 in response to the withdrawal of diplomatic status of American embassy officials in Kuwait.

AUGUST 28

PC Laurence Brown, aged 27, was shot dead at point-blank range in Hackney while investigating a report of suspicious behaviour on a housing estate. A man was later charged with his murder.

England drew the third Test against India after being forced to follow on, India scoring 606 for 9 (Shastri 187 and Kapil Dev 110) and then bowling England out for 340. In the second innings England scored 477 for 4 (Gower 157 not out).

AUGUST 29

The Home Secretary announced that the Birmingham Six, jailed for life in 1975 for their part in the bombing of two pubs in which 21 people were killed, would have their cases reviewed by the Court of Appeal for the third time, following investigations by the Devon and Cornwall police.

President Gorbachev and Boris Yeltsin, president of the Russian Federation, agreed on economic and political reforms based on a new division of power between the central government and the country's 15 constituent republics. On August 30 Gorbachev told a joint meeting of the Soviet Presidential Council and the Council of the Federation, representing the 15 republics, that time was running out in the struggle for constitutional reform and for the transition to a market-based economy. Later he described the meeting as "momentous" and declared his confidence that the Soviet Union would hold together as a political and economic union.

AUGUST 30

The Director of Public Prosecu-



PHOTOGRAPHER: BOSNI SYGMA

On October 3 the two countries of East and West Germany were formally united to become one German nation for the first time since 1945. The occupying powers had withdrawn their rights in Berlin on the previous day, and the night of October 2-3 became one of fireworks and celebration in cities throughout the new Germany,

especially round the Brandenburg Gate in Berlin, until recently isolated by the Berlin Wall. There was trouble in some cities where demonstrators took to the streets to protest against unification. More than a million people crammed into the Unter den Linden in Berlin, where they were baton-charged by police, who made 150 arrests.



ACTUOX PRESS

LAUREN FVANDERSTOCK GAMMA

tions in Britain said there would be no criminal charges resulting from the 1989 Hillsborough football stadium disaster, when 95 people were killed.

The man blamed for the cigarette shortage in the Soviet Union, Vladilen Nikitin, was sacked by President Gorbachev.

AUGUST 31

South African President F. W. de Klerk proposed that the all-white

National Party should abandon segregation and open its membership to all races.

SEPTEMBER 1

The Prince of Wales had a three-hour operation to graft bone from his pelvis on to his fractured right arm and pin it into place with a six-inch metal plate screwed into the humerus. The operation was described as successful, and the Prince left hospital, saying that he felt "awful", on September 8.





SEPTEMBER 2

An Iraqi Airways jumbo jet flew 200 British women and children back from Baghdad following President Saddam's promise to release all women and children hostages. Delays to the fulfilment of this operation were caused by Iraq's refusal to allow foreign aircraft to fly into Baghdad. Meanwhile attempts to reach a peaceful solution to the crisis seemed to have failed when the UN Secretary-General, Javier Pérez de Cuellar, left Baghdad after a meeting with the Iraqi Foreign Minister Tariq Aziz, which made no progress on the UN's call for Iraq to withdraw from Kuwait.

Robert Holmes à Court, the Australian entrepreneur who owned one of Britain's largest West End theatre groups, died of a heart attack, aged 53.

SEPTEMBER 3

New Zealand Prime Minister Geoffrey Palmer resigned after 13 months in office. He was succeeded by Mike Moore, Minister of Foreign Affairs and Trade.



Robert Morgan, the driver of a passenger train which crashed into the back of another near Purley station in March, 1989, was sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment, with 12 months suspended. Five people were killed in the crash and 87 were injured.

SEPTEMBER 4

A convoy of coaches carrying some 300 British women and children from Kuwait arrived in Baghdad after a rugged drive of some 500 miles, taking 14 hours. On September 6, 247 of them were flown in Iraqi Airways aircraft to Amman, then taken on by a British Airways jet to Gatwick.

At least 31 people were killed when fighting broke out between Zulu vigilantes and supporters of the African National Congress in the black township of Sebokeng, near Johannesburg. Nine were reported to have been killed by the South African Defence Force.

Several historic listed buildings in the centre of the Devon town of Totnes, including the clock tower which spanned the High Street, were seriously damaged by fire.

SEPTEMBER 5

President Saddam renewed his call for a holy war against US forces in the Gulf, and urged the overthrow of King Fahd of Saudi Arabia and President Hosni Mubarak of Egypt.



The military build-up in the Gulf continued throughout September and well into October in support of the United Nations demand for the removal of Iraqi troops from Kuwait and of its economic embargo of Iraq. Troops and weaponry from many parts of the world were ferried into Saudi Arabia, whose own forces were also deployed, above, in response to the massing of Iraqi forces on its borders. By early October the US had enough aircraft in the area to provide the necessary air superiority. Top right, Lt Neil Cain on patrol in a British helicopter checking sea cargo movements. Soldiers from the 20th Royal Engineers Brigade were among the first British troops to arrive, second from top, and Egyptian troops, third from top, were also quickly on their way. Once arrived, all military personnel were given specialist training, including preparations for gas attack and decontamination, bottom.





of power against former Prime Minister Benazir Bhutto during her 20 months in office.

Pope John Paul consecrated the Basilica of Our Lady of Peace, the extravagant new church erected by President Houphouët-Boigny at Yamoussoukro in Ivory Coast.

Pegasus Holidays, one of Britain's larger tour operators, specialising in holidays in Italy and the Caribbean, ceased trading with some 3,000 of its holidaymakers abroad.

SEPTEMBER 11

President de Klerk and Nelson Mandela, deputy president of the African National Congress, met to discuss the continuing violence in the black townships of South Africa, which had resulted in the deaths of more than 650 people within a month. Subsequently both men made public attempts to put the major share of the responsibility on the other. The violence reached a new level on September 13 when six men, said to be Zulu-speaking, attacked passengers on a train in Johannesburg, killing 26 people and wounding some 100.

An exhaustive report on the 1988 Lockerbie air disaster, when 270 people were killed, confirmed that the Pan American Boeing 747 was destroyed within a second or two of the explosion of an improvised bomb in the forward cargo hold. The report recommended that passenger aircraft be modified to reduce the overall impact of such an explosion.

The three teenagers found guilty of raping and savagely attacking a New York investment banker as she jogged through Central Park were sentenced to up to 20 years' imprisonment.

SEPTEMBER 13

Verdicts of unlawful killing were brought by the coroner's jury on the 35 victims of the rail crash at Clapham in 1988. The Director of Public Prosecutions said there would be no prosecutions resulting from the case.

The executive of the National Union of Mineworkers agreed to drop a High Court action in favour of a deal by which the union received £742,000, held in the International Miners' Organisation's account in Paris. Arthur Scargill, the NUM president, rejected suggestions that he should resign.

Formal talks between North and South Korea, aimed at improving relations between the two countries, opened when the prime ministers of the two countries met in Seoul, the first top-level meeting since the Korean War. The talks ended on September 6 without significant progress, but with agreement to hold further negotiations.

Lord Caradon, formerly Sir Hugh Foot, governor of Cyprus and British representative at the UN, died aged 82.

Allen Adams, Labour MP for Paisley North and an Opposition Whip, died aged 44.

SEPTEMBER 6

French farmers hijacked a lorry and slaughtered its cargo of 386 Scottish lambs, the worst of a number of incidents reflecting French anger at the collapse of meat prices and what was seen as unfair advantage given to British farmers by EEC regulations.

The number of seven-year-old British children with reading difficulties had greatly increased in the last five years, according to a report published by the Independent Primary and Secondary Education Trust. The report, based on reading tests given to 400,000 seven-year-olds in nine education authority areas in England and Wales, showed the biggest decline in reading standards in state schools for 45 years.

Sir Leonard Hutton, one of the greatest batsmen to have played for England, and holder of the highest Test score by an Englishman (364 against Australia in 1938), died aged 74.

SEPTEMBER 7

After a two-day debate in an emergency session of the House of Commons, the Government received an overwhelming vote of confidence for the action it had taken so far in response to the Gulf crisis, 437 voting in favour and 35 against.

The chairman of the Scottish Conservative Party, Michael Forsyth, was sacked from his post, but was promoted from Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Scottish Office to Minister of State.

Mark Elder, music director of the English National Opera, who had been appointed by the BBC to conduct the Last Night of the Proms, was dismissed after suggesting that it would be callous to include songs such as *Land of Hope and Glory* and *Rule Britannia* if there was fighting in the Gulf. He was replaced by Andrew Davis.

A.J. P. Taylor, the historian, died aged 84.

SEPTEMBER 9

Presidents George Bush of the USA and Mikhail Gorbachev of the USSR agreed on a joint statement after a seven-hour meeting in Helsinki calling for the unconditional withdrawal of Iraq from Kuwait. "No peaceful international order is possible if larger states can devour their smaller neighbours," the two men said. "We must demonstrate beyond any doubt that aggression cannot and will not pay." At a joint press conference after the summit Bush said there might be a difference between America and the Soviet Union on the future use of force. Gorbachev emphasised that force

Brian Keenan, an Irishman held hostage in Beirut for 1,596 days, was released on August 14. On his return home, above, he gave hope that other hostages were alive.

could have unpredictable results and that the two countries and the UN had a huge arsenal of means for producing a political solution.

President Samuel Doe of Liberia was captured and killed by a rebel group led by Prince Johnson, who thereupon declared himself to be in charge of the country. It was reported that more than 60 people had been killed during the shoot-out between rival forces outside the headquarters of the West African States' peace-keeping force in Monrovia.

SEPTEMBER 10

The interim government in Pakistan filed charges alleging abuse

The Prince of Wales, leaving hospital on September 1 after his operation, said he felt awful.





PHOTOGRAPHY: ARTHUR BERTRAND FRANKSPOONER

SEPTEMBER 14

Iraqi troops invaded the Kuwait residences of the Belgian, Canadian, Dutch and French diplomatic representatives. On September 17 the European Community ordered the expulsion of all military staff from Iraqi embassies. The 12 member states also restricted the movements of Iraq's other diplomats to within 18 miles of capital cities.

SEPTEMBER 15

The IRA shot dead an off-duty RUC officer, PC Louis Robinson, after kidnapping him as he returned from a fishing trip in the Irish Republic.

SEPTEMBER 16

President Bush, in a videotaped address shown on Iraqi television, warned that the Iraqi people were on the brink of war because President Saddam Hussein had led them into the invasion of Kuwait.

SEPTEMBER 17

An Army sergeant was seriously wounded after being shot by the IRA through the windscreen of his car outside a recruiting office in Finchley, north London.

SEPTEMBER 18

Air Chief Marshal Sir Peter Terry was shot and seriously

wounded at his home near Stafford. Sir Peter was Governor of Gibraltar in 1988 when the SAS shot dead three IRA members, and had signed the authorisation of that act. His wife Betty was also slightly hurt in the attack, which was carried out by the IRA.

The International Olympic Committee meeting in Tokyo decided by 51 votes to 35 that the 1996 Olympics would be held in Atlanta, Georgia, rather than in Athens, the expected venue.

The US Defence Department revealed that it was closing 128

The Basilica of Our Lady of Peace in Ivory Coast, consecrated by Pope John Paul on September 10.

overseas military bases in response to the reduced threat from the Soviet Union and to pressures on the defence budget. The cuts were mainly in West Germany, but would also affect operations at three sites in the UK.

SEPTEMBER 21

Iraq ordered the expulsion of the military attachés of Britain, France, Italy, Spain and Egypt in response to the EC directive to Iraq to remove all military staff from the 12 E.C. countries.



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Nicu Ceausescu, son of the executed Rumanian dictator, was imprisoned for 20 years for the deaths of 89 civilians during the December uprising.

SEPTEMBER 22

Lord Swann, FRS, former chairman of the BBC, died aged 70.

SEPTEMBER 23

Ian Woosnam won the world golf matchplay championship at Wentworth for the second time, beating Mark McNulty of Zimbabwe 4 and 2 in the final. On September 30 Woosnam also won the Epson Grand Prix of Europe at Chepstow to take his winnings in Europe for the season to a record £539,603.

SEPTEMBER 24

The Supreme Soviet gave President Gorbachev powers to rule by decree for the next 18 months while changing the country to a market economy.

Winnie Mandela, wife of the deputy president of the African National Congress, was ordered to stand trial in Johannesburg on charges of kidnapping and serious assault.

The Appeal Court in Britain ruled that the Secretary of State for the Environment had no power to set poll tax levels for capped councils.

SEPTEMBER 25

The UN Security Council added the airlifting of banned cargo to Iraq to its catalogue of economic

sanctions against Iraq.

The British Government published a White Paper setting out more than 350 measures the Government was taking, or proposed to take, to protect the environment.

Sir Jack Lyons was fined £3 million, plus £440,000 costs, for his part in the Guinness affair. The judge said that in normal circumstances he might have been jailed for three years, but this sentence would not be imposed because it might kill him.

SEPTEMBER 26

US Defence Secretary Richard Cheney announced that the US would withdraw 40,000 servicemen from Europe within the next 12 months.

Alberto Moravia, the Italian author, died of a stroke, aged 82.

SEPTEMBER 27

Britain and Iran agreed to resume diplomatic relations, with their respective embassies reopening within a month. Douglas Hurd, the Foreign Secretary, said Britain was satisfied with public assurances from Iran that it would refrain from interfering in other countries' affairs.

A bomb planted by the IRA was found in the Royal Overseas League, St James's, shortly before the opening of a conference on security at which William Waldegrave, Minister of State at the

Foreign Office, and Sir Peter Imbert, the Metropolitan Police Commissioner, were to have taken part. The conference was abandoned.

The US Senate judiciary committee approved President Bush's nomination of David Souter for the Supreme Court.

SEPTEMBER 30

Patrick White, the Australian novelist who won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1973, died aged 78.

OCTOBER 1

President Bush told the UN General Assembly that he hoped for a peaceful settlement of the Gulf crisis. He said that if Iraq withdrew unconditionally from Kuwait the political resolution of many of the region's problems, including the border dispute between Iraq and Kuwait, might follow.

General Curtis LeMay, commander of the US Air Force against Japan in 1945 and later of Strategic Air Command, died aged 83.

OCTOBER 2

A hijacked Chinese-owned Boeing 737 airliner crashed into two stationary aircraft when attempting to land at Canton airport, China. At least 127 people were killed.

The Australian soprano Dame Joan Sutherland gave her final performance before retiring, sing-

ing Marguerite de Valois in Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* at the Sydney Opera House.

OCTOBER 3

Germany became a single country when unification was formally achieved. On the previous day the occupying powers of Britain, France, the US and the Soviet Union had withdrawn their rights in Berlin. Celebrations were marred by clashes between police and demonstrators against unification.

At the Labour Party conference in Blackpool the leadership was defeated in a conference motion calling for defence spending to be reduced to the average of other west European countries. Neil Kinnock emphasized after the vote that the motion would be disregarded when the time came to construct Labour's election manifesto.

Stefano Casiraghi, husband of Princess Caroline of Monaco, was killed during a world championship off-shore powerboat race.

OCTOBER 5

The Prime Minister announced that Britain would join the European Exchange-Rate Mechanism (ERM) on October 8, and

Ian Woosnam, below left, whose golf earnings in Europe this year total a record £539,603.

Gary Lineker, England's new football captain, celebrated by scoring the only goal in a friendly against Hungary.





GEDDON/MENDEL MAGNUM

that on the same day interest rates would be reduced by one point to 14 per cent.

President Bush ordered all except vital government services to shut down following the rejection by the House of Representatives of a last-minute bipartisan budget package designed to reduce the federal deficit. On October 9 the President signed an emergency Bill to end the shutdown after both houses in Congress agreed spending cuts and tax increases to reduce the deficit by \$500,000 million in the next five years.

The actress Jill Bennett died, aged 59.

OCTOBER 8

Israeli security forces opened fire during street battles in Jerusalem between Palestinian and Jewish militants. At least 21 Arabs were killed and more than 115 injured. There was widespread international condemnation of what was seen as excessive Israeli response to Arab demonstrations, and fears that the Palestinian problem would become linked with the attempt to force Iraq out of Kuwait. On October 10 Israeli troops shot and injured another 17 Arabs during demonstrations in the occupied Gaza Strip and West Bank. On October 12 the UN Security Council condemned the Israeli violence and voted to send a three-man mission to inquire into the incident, which Israel refused to accept. A spokesman in Tel Aviv said: "The message is that they should not come."

Royal Navy ships fired across the bows of an Iraqi freighter and, after bringing it to a halt, sent a party of Marines on board to examine its cargo.

OCTOBER 9

Two IRA terrorists, Desmond Grew and Martin McCaughey, both armed, were shot dead by security forces on a farm near the Armagh-Tyrone border in Northern Ireland.

Richard Murdoch, the comedian celebrated for many popular radio shows, died aged 83.

Winnie Mandela, wife of the deputy president of the ANC, faces charges of assault and kidnap in South Africa.

OCTOBER 10

The space shuttle Discovery landed safely in California after a four-day journey comprising 66 orbits of the earth during which time it successfully launched the European Ulysses space probe towards Jupiter.

Lord McGregor, chairman of the Advertising Standards Authority, was appointed first chairman of the Press Complaints

Commission, which under the Calcutt proposals will replace the Press Council on January 1, 1991.

British Telecom announced that it would be charging 43.5p for every directory inquiry from next April.

OCTOBER 11

Following widespread criticisms of its proposals to enforce impartiality in broadcasting, the Government agreed to revise this part of its Broadcasting Bill.

Edward Heath announced that he was flying to Baghdad for a meeting with President Saddam at which he hoped to obtain the release of sick British hostages in Iraq.

Patrick Nicholls, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State at the Department of Environment, resigned on being charged with drink driving after being arrested near Bournemouth, where he was attending the Conservative party Conference. Robert Key, MP for Salisbury, was named as his replacement.

Gary Kasparov won the second game to take the lead in his defence of the world chess championship against Anatoly Karpov.

Lord Reilly, former director of the Design Council, died aged 78.

On October 7 Prince Edward switched on the lights which now illuminate the Forth railway bridge.



CHRIS BACON PA



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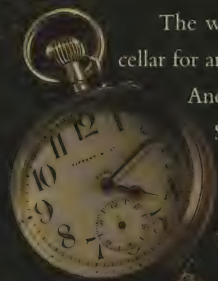
On the eve of its release, they concluded that this particular vintage had not reached its true potential.

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The wine was not in fact released from the cellar for another two years.

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THE WINES OF ERNEST AND JULIO GALLO



If animal protestors have their way the roar of the circus lion and even the quack of a circus duck will soon be extinct in Britain. Some big animal circuses survive but are banned from performing in many towns. Others are trying to build up audiences with acts that do not involve any animals but humans. Lyn Owen reports on the traditional Big Top's fight for survival.



It is now seen as humiliating for elephants to perform like animated toys as they did in 1876, above, yet experience shows that today's circus audiences are still enraptured by animal stars.

DYING CIRCUS?

ENGLAND: GLEN PETER; BELGIUM: PHOTOGRAPH; AMERICA: PETER



Bingo the Clown, alias Trevor Pharo of Bognor, is sad that his trade is being throttled in London, the place where it was born, when it is a soaring growth industry overseas. "Would you believe," he says, "while the British condemn circus, there are 40,000 clowns in the United States, and the Japanese have put unicycling on the school curriculum to encourage confidence, balance and poise."

There are thousands of wannabee or dress-up clowns in the world, 600 of whom can describe themselves as master-clowns. In Britain there are only six master-clowns left. Bingo is one of them. "Most of us clown only part-time now. Some spend the rest of the time doing holiday camps, launching new cars, doing telly, lecturing to businessmen." Bingo himself is a sales director for a graphics design company when not donning the motley.

He learnt his trade apprenticed to the great Smartie of Billy Smart's Circus. That melancholy but prescient clown saw the way the wind was blowing and advised his young disciple to follow another trade, but Bingo could not shake off the sawdust. He is organising a world clown convention next March. "You'd be surprised how many people want to learn to clown part-time. Undertakers, policemen, prison governors—it's the release, you see. You can take on a completely new personality." But for the circus professional, business is dire.

The clowns' plight reflects that of the circus in Britain. Although about a dozen large circuses survive (including Cottle's, Roberts Brothers, Peter Jay's, Gandey's, Hoffman's, Paulo's Circus Fiesta and Sir Robert Fossett's), most have been driven to the outskirts of town—hounded by councils responding to public concern about the use of animals. In Jubilee Gardens, Lambeth, where Philip Astley started the first true circus in 1768, and which once boasted a plaque declaring that "From this spot circus spread to the rest of the world", such animal circuses have been banned.

"We're outlaws in Britain, and in London especially," says Gerry Cottle, one of the country's last big circus bosses. "A hundred Labour councils have banned circuses from their land and some try to stop us performing anywhere. Our entire traditional circuit, from Poole in Dorset round to Margate in Kent, is prohibited. In London only two out of 26 councils permit us."

Cottle—who believes in the socialist ideal of humans and animals living in harmony—learnt to be cautious of militant campaigners the hard way. Hovedusted off ancient typhoid by-laws, Edinburgh juggled obscenity regulations and

Blackpool invoked ancient drovers' statutes to prohibit elephants walking along the beach—all attempts to ban animal circuses, and all, he believes, at the behest of tiny, vociferous minorities.

"We did drop animals the way the Labour party wanted. But the public had different ideas. It wasn't just the bankruptcy of animal-free circus that made us change our minds, but the hypocrisy of councils. We had this duck which had a 30-second, quack-on role with the clowns, quacking in time to the music. By this time we'd been forced to drop horses, elephants, everything. And Haringey Council called a special meeting about the duck, and said if he wasn't withdrawn, we'd be closed and banned for ever. Well, you can go down the road and eat duck in Haringey."

Bingo, below, is one of only six master-clowns left in Britain. Most work only part-time today. The acts in France's Archaos, right, are noisy and dangerous, a parody of circus for the modern age.



RICHARD BAKER

The GLC banned Tich the Squirrel, then asked to hire an elephant for Ken Livingstone to ride for the opening of a Peace Pagoda

He was more than angry when, shortly afterwards, the Moscow State Circus was permitted on the grounds that it was an equestrian event, when his own liberty horses were forbidden. On another occasion the GLC banned Tich the Squirrel, then asked to hire one of Cottle's elephants for Ken Livingstone to ride on to open a Peace Pagoda.

It all seemed the last straw. Britain, which had exported circus to France, Russia, America, and places as far-flung as Egypt, Indonesia, Honolulu and Burma, was now stamping out its own tradition. "But we're tough and resilient," says Cottle. "We've survived worse." People thought circus would be killed in the 20s by talking movies, but by the 50s it was riding high again.

Norman Barrett, ringmaster at Blackpool's Tower Circus, is convinced that circus has as strong an appeal as ever to the ordinary British public, especially with television on the wane. "It was television," he says, "and the expense of massive-scale seating which killed off Bertram Mills, Tom Arnold and Jack Hylton and the other big London shows." It sent Chipperfields' partly into exile in South Africa and partly into developing—with Lord Bath at Longleat—the first British safari park. Billy Smart just scraped by with a BBC television contract.

So, when Smart's 20 glittering elephant harnesses, the horses' ostrich-plumes and the sparkling uniforms of his 15-piece band were auctioned off in bankruptcy, the old circus families of Europe feared the knell of circus had rung. Fossett's, Gandey's, Roberts's and others in Britain were either paring down or going off the road.

But you cannot kill a dream, and the

dream was now in Gerry Cottle's head. Gerry was a Wimbledon grammar-school boy, son of a stockbroker, when like most "flatties" who succeed in it—he ran away at 15 to join the circus. "Actually it wasn't quite as black and white as that. I'd made friends with the Chipperfield zoo people and worked with them, and when I ran away to join their circus, they very responsibly handed me back to my family. But my parents could see I was determined to go and let me have my way. I was set on running a circus from the start."

A few years later, beginning with a leaky tent, equipment put together cheaply by a Dorset blacksmith, two horses and some pigeons, Gerry and a partner set up on their own. By 1973 Cottle's had grown and triumphed, being flown out, jumbos and all, to perform in the desert for the Sultan of Oman. "We swept the Middle East," says Chris Barltrop, his present ringmaster. "They had folk memories, but they hadn't seen a circus since 1911."

Cottle and his troupe had gathered together much of the dispossessed talent of several centuries of circus. His wife, Betty, was a rope-spinning Fossett whose sisters were trapezists and whose aunts were bareback riders in the days of flare lighting and horse-drawn caravans. His balancing and acrobatic acts featured Willy Cottrelly, whose family had starred in circuses round the world since the time of the Prince Regent. His tiger trainer, Colonel Syd Owens, recalled the Wild West days when his father ran the circus that employed Buffalo Bill.

Such traditions do not die. But they can certainly struggle. Surviving the rises in diesel prices, income tax and the cost of elephant hay, Cottle's troupe met its Waterloo in Iran. "Three days into our tour there in 1978," says Gerry Cottle, "with bookings of 12,000-seat arenas, we found ourselves surrounded by tanks, rioting masses and mullahs." The Ayatollah Khomeini's revolution had begun. "A curfew was declared. Only handfuls dared come. Then the mullahs took over and, of course, wouldn't pay the old regime's bills. We lost £100,000."

Back trooped the disconsolate Cottle, clowns and animals to find VAT in Britain raised to a punishing 15 per cent. They played the last of 20 years' performances in Hemel Hempstead, with the Official Receiver by the ringside.

Cottle's elephants and their trainer Marcel Peters departed to go freelance, joining a host of circus animals who were now featuring in advertisements for petrol, diamonds and motor-cars. Cottle himself took a deep breath and started a small, animal-free, rock-and-roll circus

with Gary Glitter. It folded in a week. A second animal-free enterprise drew in the crowds for a season but, unlike animal circuses, palled the next. Before long Gerry had mustered his far-flung artistes and animals again and marshalled them in the ark of a liner on course for Hong Kong.

Hong Kong went wild. "At every house we were turning away more people than we could get in," says Gerry. "We went for eight weeks and stayed for 18 months. Then on to Macau. Kuala Lumpur, Singapore—then back the next year, and the next." It was in Malaysia that nemesis caught up with them again, in the form of a Mr Chan. He

tried to impound the animals in the course of a dispute about site prices. To the amazement of the *Straits Times*, Gerry and his trainers managed to make six polar bears, four panthers, four jaguars, four leopards and a black bear disappear. "We stole away by sea at night from Port Keluang."

In Jubilee Gardens, Lambeth, a French-Canadian circus pitched tent. There are no animals in the Cirque du Soleil. That dangerous whiff of big cat and sawdust is replaced by a suffusive odour of popcorn. The acts are more dance theatre than circus—strung on a slender thread of mime narrative, and carefully choreographed. The costumes, though vivid, are calculated period allusions to the world of Nijinsky and Petrouchka—a "Let's Pretend" circus. And the audience, paying up to £17 a ticket, is not the populist crowd of yore.

But absorbed into the troupe of what are essentially dancers and mimes are some skilled scions of the old; not the new, circus like Amélie Pierzina, the 10-year-old acrobat, daughter and granddaughter of a dynasty of French clowns, and Félicien Tremblay, aged nine, son of a trapeze artist.

Somewhere in the orchestrated routines real circus spirit takes over. The Great Benny—Benny le Grand—broke into an antique, anarchic, above all

seemingly unplanned routine that would not have disgraced Grimaldi. With sublime timing and unpredictability, he spotted a quartet of grey-suited, knowing-sharp City businessmen in the front row. Three steps he took, loftily ignoring them. Then, as they were turning back to their programmes and laughing at the discomfiture of others, he deftly tipped a bucket of water over their heads.

Then on came the energetic young. It is hard to surmount what these days calls itself "artistic bicycle" and too loudly tries to proclaim itself "art". But 13 of them, aged from six to 26—mounted on one bicycle and without any need for mime—managed to produce a glimpse of family, tribal cohesion and purpose in daring and survival which is not theatre, but which is one of the essences of circus, and rarely seen in the modern world. By the end I was won over.

There were no six-year-olds at Circus Archaos—either in or out of the ring—though there were plenty of people in studs and black leather. Pierrot Pillot-Bidon, this French circus's creator, has stood circus on its head with his true parody, fit for the modern age.

No aroma of popcorn here, let alone animals. A choking fug of diesel fumes lies over the show. Artificial bird-song—soon to be drowned by a deafening industrial din—emanates from the dirty



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD PANKER

The Cirque du Soleil from Canada is more dance theatre than circus.

recesses of the dark-blue big top, to emphasise the message. Where the ring should be, on an oval of rubberised "tarmac", the beat-up black wreck of what appears to be a 50s Mercedes looms in the darkness.

A gantry of cogs and wheels and computer screens, hellishly lit in murky red, becomes dimly discernible through the blue fumes. Two semi-naked women with wild hair, in kinky boots and pseudo leopard-skin rags, clunk chains along its length, and are mock-whipped by a black man. A fire is lit on a bent-up piece of corrugated iron.

Enter a ringmaster, with a funereal rag of purple knotted around his battered topper, followed by a ragtag and bobtail army, among which is a thalidomide midget on a motorised wheelchair, eating a banana. The women shave their legs. A man chews gum. Others collect litter. There is deafening aircraft noise.

So it goes on in the dim murk via trick motor-cycling, loud bangs, exploding dustbins, oxy-acetylene torches, to a variety of cross-dressed and strip-artist jugglers and acrobats. The naked behinds of male homosexual strippers land in the audience's lap. Men in dirty macs mock-masturbate on the gantry. Three cars explode in flames, and another is winched to the roof, where a

man is on fire in a cage. The cast juggles with flame-throwers and the sound-system rakes the audience with 25 rounds of an AK47.

Artistic statement, yes; political, certainly; circus, no. It is no surprise that the starrier elements of the cast, like Natalie Tarlet the clown, or Ramon Fernandez the rope-star cum male-stripper, admit rather wistfully that a good thing about the show is that it has revived interest in real circus in France. One striking aspect of Archaos is that it is genuinely dangerous. A trapeze artist has broken her back and the chain-saw juggler his legs in the past year. But what comes over is simulated terror and emotion. When every act tries to shock and startle, for some reason nothing does. The real 20th-century world might make your flesh creep; its theatrical evocation does not.

It is a relief to breathe again the air of real sawdust at one of Cottle's few permitted venues near London. It does not matter that The Faltinis with their fabulous juggling and balancing seem to reappear two acts later as Los Vaqueros with their astounding knife-throwing; or three acts further on as a unicycle act. There is light and colour, splendour and daring, drum rolls and fanfares, and it is not fake. The skills of an unsubsidised circus must be milked to the limit. And those of most of Cottle's artistes, for all the economies, hugely outclass the alternative circuses with their state grants.

Trapezists are scarce in Britain—only American salaries will support their insurance—but Coyote (otherwise Polly Cottle) has a rope-skill which disdains the lunge (safety line). An international

With home-made equipment, the British circus Snapdragon, left, attacks council oppression.

That dangerous whiff of big cat and sawdust is replaced by a suffusive odour of popcorn



audience, with some 600 children has gathered to see the show in this country field. They are totally engrossed, all of them. But it is the animals which enrapture them most.

Is the bareback riding really cruel to horses? Are those elephants who balance on their hind legs doing anything they don't do in the wild? The local animal rights group certainly think so. They are standing at the entrance to the site trying to dissuade people from going in. "Take the 'ell out of elephants' lives" reads one of their placards.

Yet none of them has walked the 100 yards required to take even an external look at this circus, let alone viewed the show or the animal quarters. But they are quite certain what circuses are like: "Majestic elephants forced into humiliating positions like animated toys; beautiful tigers condemned to sit and stand by order like performing puppets; elegant horses wheeling and prancing; obliging dogs frantically doing tricks, wanting to please", reads the pamphlet they press into your hand.

Animal rights activists have been goaded into action by viewing video tapes and slides of animals being vivisected, experimented on, and kept in battery farms. But is the target this time to some degree misdirected?

Certainly animal-lovers are right to rouse the public to the conditions of travelling animals. Animals have been, and still are, over-confined in transport and on circus sites. Mishaps do occur like the Circus Fiesta tigers stranded in a Scottish lay-by overnight, after a breakdown, or the Chipperfield elephants left crated in Taiwan because of a paperwork muddle.

Few of these problems could not be solved by a static circus situated, say, close to a safari park. It is not cruelty but the modern world which has stopped elephants walking from place to place or travelling by special circus trains, as they used to. But are circuses inherently cruel in their methods of training and treatment of animals?

"You choose to work with animals because you love them," says Norman Barrett. "It is infinitely easier to have a non-animal act. All you need is the suit. And when you've taken that off, you're free of all responsibility and work. But with animals, you are looking after them 24 hours a day, including the very early morning and late at night, perhaps all your life."

Norman and other trainers believe there is less negative reinforcement in the circus than in obedience training for dogs. "Training is done by attachment, rewards and love," says Barrett. "You can't hurt or mistreat an animal and expect it to trust and perform with you in



the ring. You're most certainly not cruel to the panther who's going to leap into your arms."

There is some evidence that, here, the circus people are right. The RSPCA hired animal behaviourist Marthe Kiley-Worthington, who had served them well in exposing the mistreatment of veal calves, to investigate the animal circus. She spent 18 months and 3,000 hours in circuses, and could find no evidence of cruelty or brutal mistreatment. The animals were better off in circuses, she concluded, than they could be in many zoos, or stables or even as pets.

Yes, there was restriction of natural freedom, and some evidence in older animals of self-stimulation habits through confinement or boredom. But no more so—indeed less—than in other forms of animal-keeping.

Kiley-Worthington found circus-owners only too keen to improve animal conditions and eager for legislation which would distinguish the good circus-owner from the bad. They have, she says, in many cases taken up her suggestions already. "The hardest thing to change is the actual acts. In the British tradition the whip or stock is a signal, not an instrument of domination or forced submission. But once a group of animals has learnt this particular set of signals, it takes a long training to teach it another; perhaps it could require a new generation of animals."

Kiley-Worthington wants to remove even the appearance of domination from circus acts. "One of the startling things about circuses is the way that the wildest of wild creatures learns to understand a wide range of human words; and how its keepers and trainers are responsive to the animal's own language. "I would like to see this developed, not banned. I am far more radical than the RSPCA, who were



Shock, horror and anarchy at Archaos, top. Splendour, daring and discipline at Gerry Cottle's, above.

annoyed that my conclusions weren't in line with what they wanted. I want an upgrading of all animal-keeping conditions—zoos, stables, pets, as well as circuses. But I don't want a world in which there is total apartheid between animals and men. I'd like to see a future in which we study, share and learn animal skills and strengths, and develop them further. I would like a truly new circus in which animals communicate and display the astonishing capacities we are only just learning about.

"We don't think it cruel to educate our children though it is certainly unnatural and restricts their natural freedom. Have you thought where you might get if you spent 10 years educating a horse?"

This, she thinks, circuses could and should do—developing and disclosing the animal's own *telos*—the "elephantness" of an elephant.

"Urban people cannot understand how marvellous animals are. Seeing them remotely on television they get an encapsulated distortion. They see lions and panthers solely as beautiful and ferocious beasts of prey and pursuit. After four years watching them in the wild in Africa you discover they hardly ever do this. They spend most of their time loafing and lying around, idling and socialising. It is not 100 miles from what they do in British zoos and circuses.

Circus owners would like to see the Kiley-Worthington dream come true. "I seriously question," said one trainer, "if the animal rights people would ever have developed such concern and feeling for wild animals if it had not been for circus."

Unknowingly, the Kiley-Worthington notions are a return to the origins of English circus. They recall the travelling menageries of the 18th century which believed in displaying "the amazing sagacity of the elephant", "the industrious ingenuity of the beaver" and the astonishing counting, time-telling and thought-reading capacities of "Toby the Sapient Pig".

The RSPCA takes the view that the British circus is a "relic of a bygone age which permitted cock-fighting and bear-baiting, when compassion towards any animal would have been regarded with suspicion".

The history of English performing animals suggests a different story. One of the more bizarre and forgotten phenomena of our national history are the dog hero stars of the 18th and 19th century. There were theatres in Lambeth, billed as "the only theatre of the working classes", which showed nothing but "canine melodrama", in which the actors were mainly human, but the star was a dog.

It was all no doubt very quaint, soppy and sentimental—though a far cry from bear-baiting, and far more in line with the outcry now filling the suburbs.

But circus seems certain to continue. Already there is a new British circus on the road called Snapdragon, whose very theme is council oppression. Its creator, John Whitehead, has the same dream that Gerry Cottle had all those years ago. He has poured his personal resources into it and its home-made equipment. Whitehead's dream, unlike Cottle's, does not have animals. In two years he has run up £30,000 of overdraft. But he is still going on.

Will the animal circus survive? I defy anyone to go to Wembley this Christmas and not detect a twinkle in the eyes of Gerry Cottle and his elephants □

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD BAKER

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MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS PAST

The festive season is a time for
reminiscing, and we invited eight well-known
people to recall a Christmas that
was particularly memorable—for good or bad.
Illustrations by David Hughes.



ERIC NEWBY

My most memorable Christmas was that of 1943, which I spent high up on the main range of the Apennines in northern Italy, in a village on the borders of Parma and Tuscany.

I was a prisoner of war on the run and at the beginning of December, together with a companion, I had been flushed out of the cave we had been living in at about 4,000 feet by the Fascists. We had to flee in the night across a deep valley, from one range to another. A blizzard was blowing—the snows had long since come—and we were both carrying heavy sacks of food.

The following morning, more dead than alive, we arrived at a little, two-storey barn in the middle of a meadow, now filled with snow. We forced open the upper door, crawled into the loft, which was full of sweet-smelling hay, and fell asleep.

Later, we were discovered by a little boy. He brought his father, Amadeo, a blind man of about 50, who owned the hut. Amadeo arranged for two villagers to make us a wooden bed stuffed with beech leaves in the lower part of the building, and every day someone brought us food. Amadeo used to enjoy talking to us about all the places in the world he would never visit and never see. "Now turn me towards America," he used to say.

On Christmas Eve we were invited to go down to the village, where we spent

the evening and the next day as guests in various houses.

"What would you like more than anything?" said one little *signora*—the wife of the man who had helped to make the bed in the barn. There was no doubt for either of us: a hot bath. "And you shall have it," she said. Soon she had a number of enormous vessels heating over a wood stove and over the fire. Then, when the water was hot, she half-filled a big, empty wine-barrel in the cellar next door. It was no time for modesty. We stripped off in turn and, the barrel being a close fit, she and her husband took turns to scrub us.

On Christmas Day, after a great lunch, we were taken to a house where, to the accompaniment of static whistlings, we heard the King speaking from Sandringham. "Some of you may hear me," he said (or words to that effect), "in your aircraft, in the jungles of the Pacific, or on the Italian peaks. Wherever you may be, your thoughts will be in distant places and your hearts with those you love." The other people in the room were witnesses to the dreadful spectacle of two Englishmen with tears running down their cheeks.

Late that evening I received a little strip of paper with only two words on it—"Baci, Wanda"—from the girl who had helped me to escape, and with whom I was in love.

My companion and I were recaptured four days later and sent to Czechoslovakia—but it was still the best Christmas I have ever had.

JOHN GIELGUD

Of course I enjoyed it hugely when I was a boy. All the preparations—helping to stir the Christmas puddings with my mother in the basement kitchen of our Edwardian South Kensington home. The bedside stockings on Christmas Eve, the wrapped presents piled up under the tree in the drawing-room and then, at last, the day itself. Since my father's family all lived abroad, it was my mother's Terry relations who gathered round us. My grandmother would be given an armchair at the lunch table. She was fond of her food and received as her privilege the choicest piece of turkey breast with the addition of the Pope's Nose, a mysterious appellation to me.

There would be much kissing and present-giving when my aunts arrived. Then, towards tea-time, there were visits from my famous, acting great-uncles and -aunts, Fred Terry and his handsome wife, Julia Neilson, and Marion Terry. Finally, and best of all, Ellen Terry, with her charm of personality undiminished, though she was nearly blind and extremely vague, yet still completely fascinating, behind her thick spectacles and muffings, as she darted from one person to another or crouched beside them.

Nowadays I celebrate this so-called Festive Season as little as I possibly can for I cannot help dreading the inexorable advance of old age, and the absence each year of so many greatly-missed faces from around the Christmas table.



Sir Laurence Johnston
Rudolph Ralph Richardson

Sir John mixing it . . .

BRYAN FORBES

All those childhood years ago, the Magi came down from Lincolnshire—farmers, uncles and aunts from both sides of the family, the men red of neck, the women rubicund and rainwater-fresh—bearing gifts of potatoes, sprouts, salted ham and freshly-slaughtered, trussed fowls. They arrived before nightfall on Christmas Eve, in those final hours when time hung suspended on threads of excitement.

In their stiff, best clothes, they seemed to fill to overflowing the ground floor of the house we shared in Forest Gate. Their soft, burred accents, so alien and fascinating to my Cockney ears, conjured up summers spent among the hayricks, for until that time all my holidays had been spent with them.

While the women joined my mother in the preparation of the feast, the men settled down to a marathon game of whist. There were not beds enough for all, so they passed the night dealing the cards beneath the home-made paper chains, smoking thick Capstans, Wood-

bins and Kensitas non-stop until the fog in the gas-lit room had the consistency of a London pea-soup fog.

We children were bundled, head to toe, on a mattress in the next room, sleepless until the early hours, professing beliefs we no longer held, fearful of denying the last mystery in case the spell was broken for ever. We woke, still fevered with excitement, to the smell of fatty bacon and large farm eggs crackling in the iron pan, and the swollen pillowcase at the foot of the bed filled with toys.

Try as one might, one can never quite recapture the innocence of those long-past Christmas mornings when a clockwork Hornby engine held everything that life could offer. The only terror was the Christmas lunch itself for my city-boy sensitivities meant I could not eat animal flesh. During those holidays spent on the farms, I had seen the knacker's man come and slit the pig's throat, I had seen the cockerel have its neck wrung, and the horror had stayed with me. I endured much mockery across the laden table, but held fast.



LORD MCALPINE

Mid-December, that season when the mists of Venice hold the light captive between the water and the rolling banks off fog. Cold, damp air drifts in the canals, the last of the day's sunlight destroyed by brightly-lit windows. A season of feasts and church. The most beautiful of towns in its most beautiful season; a place of extreme happiness, a place to cry tears torn from the soul.

December 23, the concert in St Mark's Cathedral. The music, *Cori in Echo* is by Gabrielle, a Venetian from the 13th century, the first man to write formal church music. St Mark's is full, warm, almost hot. The tension is electric; the music is full of beauty; the mosaics in this light are suffused with the shadows of earliest Christianity. Uto Ughi plays his Stradivarius. Out into the night for a drink in Florian's, crowded not with summer tourist hordes but Venetians with Venetian gossip and Venetian laughter. The crowd spreads through the city to celebrate its Christmas.

Midnight Mass on December 24 at St Mark's. The Patriarch and all the parish priests gather, a very grand affair with much pageantry. Christmas Day Mass at 11 o'clock at the Church on San Giorgio Maggiore. This mass is not celebrated in the great Palladian church, as in the fashion of the summer, but upstairs in the small chapel with its 15th-century carved choir stalls and the painting over

the altar of St George slaying his dragon. The teeth of the dragon are kept in the Church of Santa Maria e Donato on Murano, behind the altar.

Venice, because of its ancient brigan-tine tradition, has many unusual saints—St Samuel, St Zechariah, St Moses—all from the Old Testament. Venice, the meeting-place of East and West, of past and present. Venetian children hang up their stockings not to the Germanic Saint, Santa Claus, as most children do, but to Befana—a white and friendly witch—friendly to well-behaved children, who receive toys. The malpractitioners receive lumps of coal—but this coal is made of spun sugar coloured black.

In times past it was the tradition at the end of October to empty of geraniums the large flower pots that stood on the family *altana*, and to turn one over, imprisoning beneath it a small turkey. This bird was kept until Christmas, fed on maize dropped through the hole in the bottom of the upturned pot. The turkey was unable to move, and grew until it was killed and roasted in its own fat for lunch on Christmas Day. No longer is this cruel practice followed. Along with wild bear—another Christmas dish of the past—this delicate turkey is off the menu. Instead pheasants, brought from China by Marco Polo, are served with herbs and honey; duck with sugar and a *pasticcio* of wild boar and hare. Boiled fish is eaten on Christmas Eve—a con-

trast to the rich taste of the wild beasts.

Venice rings with greetings, the courtesies of a small town where everybody knows somebody. "*Auguri!*", "*Ciao!*"—simple words that set the feeling of the place. Shops and shopping are important, not so much for the purchase of goods but for the activity of buying. The conversation, the greeting, the farewell become not just the changing of money for fabric, but an interlude in life valuable in itself. The day has its rhythms: the coming and going of the people, the bursting of a small crowd from a narrow alley-way on to an empty square, a wave of warmth and fellowship dispersed in different directions with shouts of "*Auguri!*", "*Ciao!*", until all is silent again. Damp, chill, cold, and everywhere that strange, captive winter light.

December 28 dawns cold, crisp, clear. Early in the morning the lagoon is covered by ice which the boatmen break with their oars. Air so clear that sounds carry for miles; air so clear that you can see two great mountain ranges on the trip to the airport; air so clear that the towers of Venice seem cut from paper. The industrial shapes of Mestre, like the work of the greatest of 20th-century sculptors, are no threat on this day, but a strange complement to the city. Venice has been around a long time, suffering many changes, appearing to have adapted to change, but with time adapting changes to her. Venice is the Great Magician and the Venetians her apprentices.



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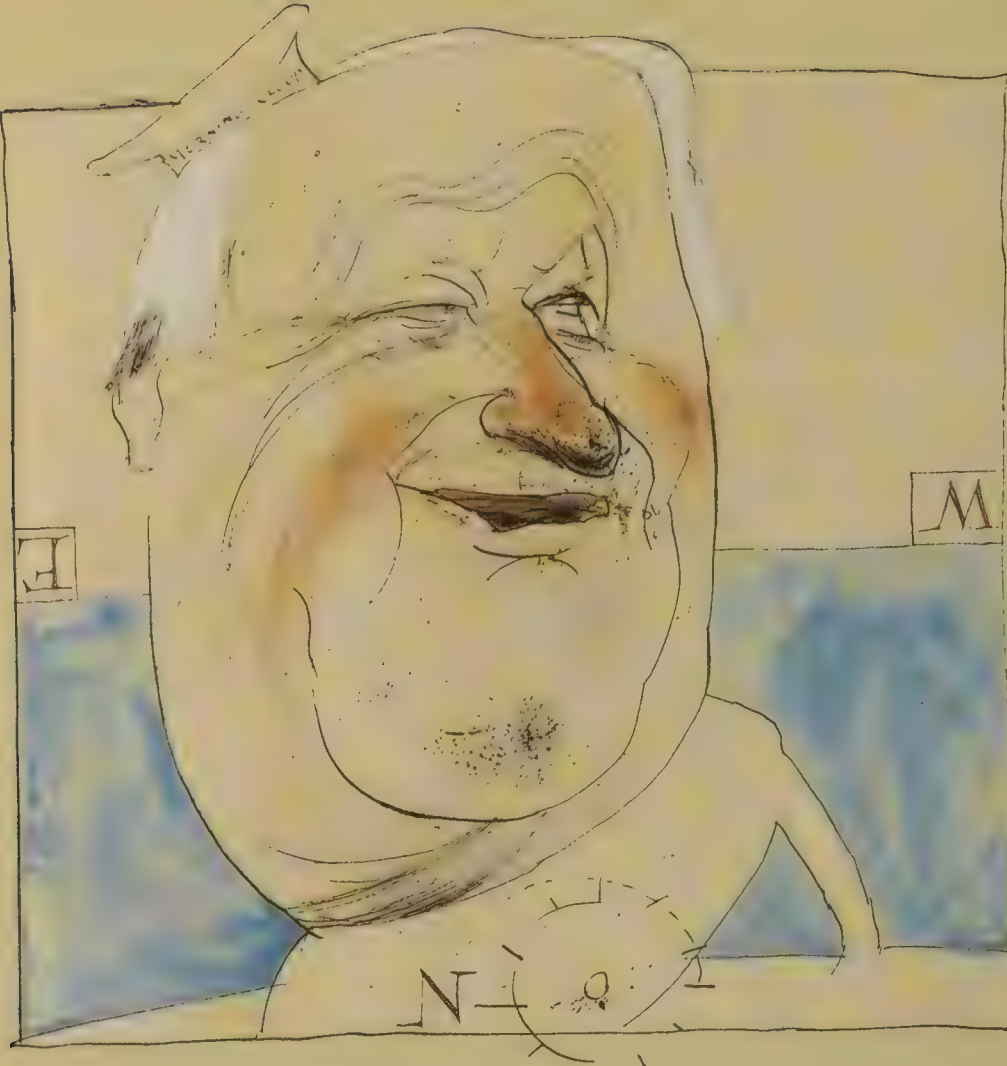
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EDWARD HEATH

I hate being away at Christmas. During the war years it was inevitable, wherever one was serving. But in 1943 I really did ask myself whether it was absolutely necessary to move my regiment, of which I was adjutant, from the south to the north of England over Christmastide. The consequence was that we arrived at Catterick late on Christmas Eve to find the camp deserted.

In the somewhat barren, uninviting and inhospitable surroundings we had to make do for ourselves. Those who ventured out to Darlington, the nearest town, found little entertainment there. On Christmas Day this was not surprising. Finally, after the most dreary Christmas I have ever spent, we left Catterick early on the morning of Boxing Day for gunnery practice in Northumberland.

Even during action in war, life was not as depressing as that episode. Along the Meuse, in 1944, we were warned that the enemy was planning to attack on Christmas Day. To be prepared for this it was necessary to hold our celebrations on Christmas Eve. Everyone was in fine form, we enjoyed a special meal and a certain amount of liquor, but if the enemy had brought forward his plans we could have coped admirably.

Without doubt the only Christmas I really enjoyed away from home was that

when I took my boat *Morning Cloud* out to Australia to take part in the Sydney to Hobart Race 21 years ago. The weather was superb. Everyone, including our rivals, welcomed us warmly and we did well in the preliminary races.

I was keen to get boat and crew in top form for the race by Christmas Eve so that we had nothing to worry about on Christmas Day and could really enjoy ourselves. We lunched with a previous winner at his home. He bade us farewell by saying, "If you guys go right out and stay out I think you may win this race after all." There could be no more cheering message than that.

The start of the race on the morning of Boxing Day was unforgettable; more than 3,000 boats clustered around us from the start line all the way through the Heads and out into the ocean. Thousands of people lined the hills along the shore. The last words I heard on Australian soil were those of my driver. I asked him how it felt to be part of such a splendid occasion. "Out there," he replied, "we know that tomorrow will always be better than today." What confidence, what faith, what a superb philosophy!

And we did win the Sydney-Hobart Race in *Morning Cloud*, almost the smallest boat in the race. The British have won it only twice—on the occasion of the first race in 1945 and *Morning Cloud*'s victory in 1969. I wish them luck this year.

JANE LAPOTAIRE

Christmas. Even now the word strikes home with a mixture of dread and optimistic excitement, the latter being the triumph of hope over experience, I suppose. For my foster-mother—nearly 60 years old when I, as a baby, was left in her care—and for me, the last of seven girls to have passed through her well-scrubbed, washing-soda-ed hands, and for so many others in the early 50s, Christmas meant chicken and Christmas pud—turkey being beyond our pockets and our ken. It meant, too, real candles on the Christmas tree, a tree just big enough to go in a pot on the sideboard; my foster-mother's annual terror at the prospect of the house, curtains, us, being burned down; and my annual expedition to unlikely places to find the candles to fit the little, rusting, clip-on holders.

For my foster-mother Christmas also heralded the yuletide visit from the Methodist minister to ascertain whether she was eligible once more for a donation from the Poor Fund of the chapel, and her yearly curiosity to find out what provisions had been sent in a large cardboard box as a boost to her meagre pantry. "Baked beans?" she would comment in her sing-song Suffolk accent—querulous mode—"Can't abide the things." Packets of lemon jelly were received with equal scorn as was "Marge—I in't a'cookin' with no marge!" Receiving what she called "charity" was a mixed blessing.

She made her mince pies and sausage rolls, cutting the butter and lard into the flour (all done by guesswork, she never owned a pair of scales)—impossible to copy, and always delicious. I do remember once giving a home-made Christmas pud a stir and being allowed a wish as I did so, but in later years she gave it up as "too trouble" and we made do with puddings given us by generous friends from Christmas Fayre sales, all trounced up in string and cloth as hers had been. Sometimes we had a Peek Frean pudding swathed in crackling red Cellophane that I would unravel and peer through to give me a reddened view of the living-room. She would hide silver threepenny bits in my portion or, later on, the larger multi-sided bronze ones, but they were so much easier to spot and not half the fun.

Christmas was spent alone together, listening to the wireless, huddled round the fire or roasting the occasional chestnut on the bars of the grate. She disappeared, as she thought they made my asthma worse. "Chesty nuts," she'd say disparagingly.

I was special. She said so. Not only was I the sole foster-daughter that she had had as a baby, but also my birthday is on

December 26. Not only would Christmas morning be celebrated by the appearance of a bulging pillowcase (I scorned the more traditional stocking) at the foot of my bed, but she led me to believe that I must be the only girl in the world who had a bulging pillowcase on two consecutive days (it was never actually *quite* as big on the second). She tried to make up for the fact that the birthday cards were few (who, after all, could be expected to remember to put a birthday card on their Christmas shopping list?) and that often the present would have to do for both occasions.

She'd time the eating of our chicken, sometimes grandly called a capon, and our sprouts, vigorously boiled to a mush but palatable if liberally doused with her homemade bread sauce, to coincide with the Queen's speech. I'd busy myself by looking at her bewhiskered, bespectacled face through the coloured triangles of bright plastic in a tube

that we called a kaleidoscope, as she sat in the utility chair by the wireless. We'd listen to *Educating Archie* for me, or Wilfred Pickles's *Have a Go* for her. She'd tolerate *Take it from Here* if I could distract her from her displeasure long enough by imitating Ron's voice, "Oh Eth . . ." and elicit a wheezing laugh from her bulky frame. I'd tolerate *Semprini Serenade* or Mantovani in the hope that they'd play "Where did My Snowman Go?"

Everything stopped for the Service of Lessons and Carols on Christmas Eve. She'd halt her pastry-making, wipe her hands on her apron, push a wisp of grey hair off her hot, red face, leaving a trail of flour behind, and settle down to join in with "Away in a manger" in her trembly cracked soprano.

The wireless was her only source of worship in later years, as she was dogged by what I thought of as one disease—under the name of heart-trouble-and-blood-pressure—although she would

allow me to stand in the draughty hall, or behind the net curtains in the Brasso-smelling, polished front room to peer at the group of teenage carol singers from the chapel. They would congregate under the lamp-posts in the wind-swept street and sing with great gusto, and even greater shows of horseplay. I would watch, shivering and envious, until one glorious year, having run to get a few coppers for their proffered, rattling Dr Barnado's tin from the fluted Victorian vases on the living-room mantelpiece, I was at last, though strictly speaking too young, invited to join them.

In my pillowcase there'd be the usual tartan bootee slippers with a zip up the front, the *School Friend Annual*, a pair of good-quality, rabbit-fur gloves for Sunday-school best, a gift token from Boots and sometimes a skirt, pleated of course, that I knew about anyway, as I was very particular about what I wore and she'd learnt early to let me have my say in the matter for fear of the garment being discarded later. She'd have bought it with her Mutuality coupons from her Co-op divi, or from a neighbours' catalogue club; always a tin of Avon talcum powder, and often the ubiquitous box of embroidered handkerchiefs, useless when suffering from a cold induced by the biting north-easterly winds that are a regular feature of Suffolk winters; and always, too, the box of Cussons Apple Blossom bath cubes that left a gritty residue under you in the tin bath that was brought in once a week from where it hung on a nail between the coal-shed and what she called "the privy". Water, which had taken all day to heat up in the brick copper built into a corner of the kitchen, would be bucketed out painstakingly for fear of soaking the rush matting, and I, as the youngest, allowed the untold pleasure of having my bath first.

I'd eat most of the bag of chocolate coins in gold paper that hung on the tree and all of the sickly, pink sugar mice, and line up their string tails. I'd dig out dates for her from the long box with its lace-daily frill, and crack open Brazil nuts—her favourites—trying to keep them whole. She avoided figs because the pips got under her teeth, but together we'd devour an entire box of squashy Newberry fruits, egging each other on to just one more. I'd sing, or rather shout, "Good King Wenceslas", drawing out the word "fu-u-el" to make her laugh, and "Silent night" to reduce her to misty eyes and silence, but best of all I'd sit on her knee and suck my thumb while I played with her ear, as we waited for her nightdress and my pyjamas to warm up on the brass fender before we faced our cold bedrooms and the prospect of another present-filled day on the morrow.



JULIAN CRITCHLEY

Am I alone in not liking Christmas? Evelyn Waugh once said that no gentleman should go beyond his park gates on a bank holiday and, at a humbler level, I feel somewhat the same about Yuletide. Were I devout I would feel it even more strongly. That Christ's birth should have been turned into a world-wide sales promotion with little or no religious significance for the vast majority is distasteful in itself. But even for agnostics like me (Anglican-agnostic, I hasten to add), there is something tawdry about the festival. Frankly, I do not care much who switches on the lights in Regent Street, or indeed if they are switched on at all.

Were I rash enough to permit myself to sit before a microphone in the company of Dr Anthony Clare, I should be accused of having spent a miserable childhood. It would not be so. We celebrated Christmas—my father reluctantly, my mother cheerfully—opening stockings, eating turkey and pulling crackers. When my own children were small, their enchantment provided the only reason for observing the compliments of the season. Perhaps I am

becoming bloody-minded in late middle age, a state that my constituents in Hartley Wintney describe as "the prime of life". What I really dislike about Christmas is that it is virtually impossible to escape from.

The newspapers carry solemn (and unread) leaders on the subject. I have no wish to see on television *The Guns of Navarone*, *The Sound of Music* or *Goldfinger*. I have no intention of reading messages of goodwill from the party leaders. I have long suspected that turkeys are manufactured in Taiwan out of cardboard. I don't much like sprouts. Monarchist although I am, I can live without the Queen's Christmas broadcast.

Last year I was given a fire extinguisher for Christmas; this could well be the year I shall get to use it.

CLARE FRANCIS

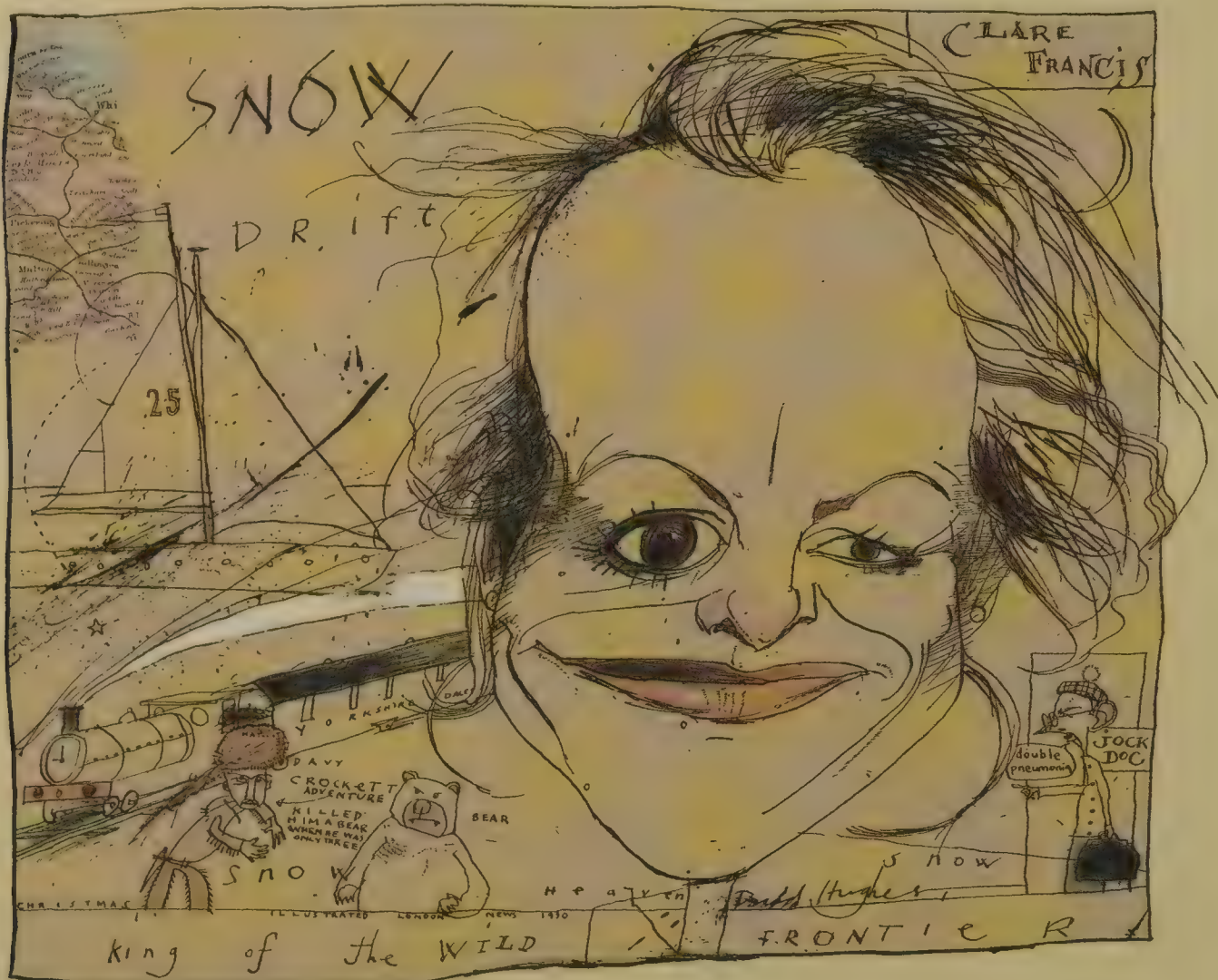
We went, as always, to my grandparents' house in the Yorkshire Dales. We travelled by steam train, that year's journey made memorable by the wheezings of my lungs which almost outshone the puffings of the engine. My "chest" was a legacy of the Great Smog, which my mother had

tried to keep from the house by sealing the windows with tape, only to watch the sulphurous fumes seep in through the cracks and hang over my bed. No memory of that smog stuck in my mind, then or later, but its effects stuck extremely successfully to my lungs.

It was on Christmas Eve, when we were snowed in to the remote Pennine house, that I developed double pneumonia. Having read myself to sleep with a Davy Crockett adventure, I not unnaturally accounted for the sharp pain in my side by dreaming I had been shot. The resultant yell brought my parents hotfoot to my room.

I remember the grown-ups silhouetted in the doorway, my father carrying me to my parents' bed, my grandmother administering cold compresses. The doctor arrived, after a Scott-like struggle through driving snow, brandishing the great new heal-all, penicillin.

Later, the doctor's image was somewhat tarnished in my young eyes by his habit of tickling me in the ribs to see if it hurt, but otherwise pneumonia was not so bad. Christmas was re-celebrated for me and, best of all, our stay was extended by a week. Heaven after all □



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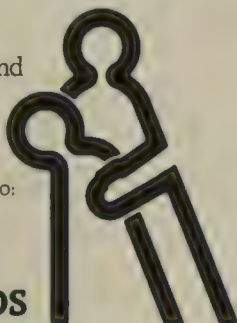
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GLORIOUS SONGS OF OLD

The words of Christmas carols are etched in our memories from the days of childhood, but how many of us could name their authors? John Agg Large recounts the lives of some eminent carol writers of the past.

One of the most traditional elements of our present-day Christmas festivities is the carol service. Millions of people throughout the world delight in singing the familiar words learnt in their childhood, yet few know anything of the mostly 18th- and 19th-century people who wrote these songs. They include evangelical preachers whose meetings drew bigger crowds than today's first-division football matches, a bishop's wife, a sea captain, a mill-worker who was illiterate throughout his childhood, and an impecunious poet laureate.

Few carol services are complete without "Silent night", the words of which were composed almost on the spur of the moment by Joseph Mohr, an Austrian parish priest of the little village of Oberndorf. After reading St Luke's account of the shepherds' visit to the infant Jesus, he wrote the verses in German on Christmas Eve, 1818, and handed them to his organist, Franz Grüber, to set to music in time for the midnight service. Grüber composed the tune now familiar all over

the world but the organ broke down, so Mohr suggested they sing the hymn as an unaccompanied duet.

There the story might have ended. But when the mechanic came to repair the organ he tested it by playing the first music to hand, which was Grüber's tune. He succumbed to the carol's appeal and asked for a copy to take back to his home town where it fell into the hands of a ladies' choir. The singers added it to their repertoire and took it to other towns throughout Austria. In time "Stille Nacht" was translated into other languages, and became one of the most widely sung of all Christmas carols.

"Hark! the herald angels sing" might never have graced our services but for a printer's mistake. Its writer, Charles Wesley, was born in 1707, the 18th child of the Rector of Epworth in Lincolnshire. During his 80-year life Wesley wrote 6,500 hymns. Had he written just one a day this would have taken 18 years. In fact his missionary commitments and preaching schedule were so punishing

that it is surprising he found time to write any hymns at all.

It was an act of fate which started Charles Wesley on this course. His elder brother John was appointed chaplain to the English colony at Savannah, Georgia, and Charles accompanied him on his mission. During the Atlantic crossing their ship nearly sank in storms. Also on board were 26 Moravian missionaries whose stirring melodies, lustily rising above the howls of the Atlantic gales, so impressed the Wesley brothers that John set to work translating the words into English. The stimulus these hymns gave to their acts of worship persuaded Charles to start writing.

"Hark! the herald angels sing" first appeared as "Hark, how all the welkin rings"—its first lines being altered later by a singer to fit a tune by Mendelssohn. A printer, unaware of the Wesleys' unpopularity in official circles because of their evangelicism, published the hymn with others among the psalms in the Church of England Book of Common Prayer. However, the piece caught the public imagination and the words of Charles Wesley became known throughout the Christian world.

"While shepherds watched their flocks by night" was written some 300 years ago by Nahum Tate, a Dubliner who came to London to make his mark on the literary world and earned a living of sorts by translating from Latin and French for publishers. Tate wrote plays which drew favourable comment from King Charles II, though they were not considered of great merit by anyone else. In 1692 he was made poet laureate, though Robert Southey condemned him as the worst of such incumbents apart from his predecessor, Thomas Shadwell, who died from an opium overdose.

Tate's own death was even more dramatic, occurring at the age of 63 while he was hiding from his creditors in the Royal Mint at Southwark. Apart from this popular Christmas carol he left two fine hymns: "Through all the changing scenes of life" and "As pants the hart for cooling streams".

"Once in royal David's city" was written by one of the greatest hymn-writers of all, Cecil Frances Alexander. From her pen, and with inspiration from her native Ireland, also came "All things bright and beautiful" and "There is a green hill far away". The second daughter of Major John Humphreys, an Anglo-Irish gentleman, she was born in Dublin in 1818 and named after Lady Wicklow, for whom her father worked as agent. She was brought up at Shelton Abbey on the Wicklow Estate.

As a girl Frances loved stories, badgering the servants to tell them at all hours of



Mrs Alexander: writer of "Once in royal David's city" and other hymns.

the day, and she read so much that her family tried to ration her supply of books.

When she was 15 her father became agent to the Marquis of Abercorn at Baronscourt and the family moved to Milltown House, near Strabane in Co Tyrone. There she developed her

Charles Wesley: most prolific of authors, he wrote 6,500 hymns in his 80-year life.



religious conviction along the Anglo-Catholic lines and wrote some of her finest hymns. Their popularity cut across religious and political divides, a remarkable achievement in Ireland.

At the age of 30, Frances married William Alexander, a Church of Ireland clergyman six years her junior. Educated at Tonbridge and Oxford, her husband had a promising future. He was appointed Rector of Termonamungan, a desperately poor parish not far from Strabane, where the couple devoted themselves to the physical and spiritual needs of their parishioners, most of whom were Roman Catholics.

As William's career advanced he was appointed to less exacting benefices in the Londonderry region. Frances lost some of her energy, and by this time was caring for four children. William was appointed Bishop of Derry and Raphoe, and although Frances assiduously undertook the duties of a bishop's wife she preferred her family and her dogs to more adventurous travels.

When Frances died in 1895 her funeral showed the great affection which the people of Londonderry had for her. Her husband wrote of the occasion: "They packed the streets in their thousands, hushed and awestruck . . . The autumn day was of genial softness. Surely she rests well." At a service of dedication of a window to Frances, William's successor as Bishop of Derry paid tribute to her and to the small band of great hymn-writers: "It is a unique gift. I am not aware that it

can be acquired. Ecclesiastics, statesmen, historians, poets, have their day, then pass, forgotten in great part; but the hymn-writer, if taken to the heart of the race, lives through the centuries."

The origins of the words and music of "O come, all ye faithful" are obscure. The triumphant tune is traditional, the original Latin words, "Adeste fideles", having been written anonymously during the 18th century. They were translated by the Reverend Frederick Oakeley, one of the brilliant scholars who became associated with the Oxford Movement in the middle of the last century. He was born in Shrewsbury, graduated from Oxford, was appointed a Fellow at Balliol, and became the Anglican rector of Margaret Chapel, London, in 1839.

As a high churchman, Oakeley defended John Henry Newman's *Tract 90* and was suspended by his bishop for doing so. The two men were very closely linked in their careers. Both were at Oxford together, both were ordained Anglican priests and both converted to the Roman Catholic faith in 1845. Newman went on to become a cardinal. Oakeley was appointed a canon at Westminster Cathedral where he worked until his death in 1880.

Frederick Oakeley wrote several theological works, including a biography of St Augustine, and at least one other of his translations is still sung today—"In the Lord's atoning grief", a Passiontide hymn translated from the Latin of St Bonaventure. This sincere, scholarly, devout, modest man would have found it incredible that "O come, all ye faithful" should be sung in every church in the land at Christmas.

That more secular and most popular of carols "Good King Wenceslas" was written by one of the greatest hymn-writers and translators, John Mason Neale. The story of the poor man who is befriended by his king has a humanity which is typical of its composer.

Neale was born in 1818 to a domineering mother, who was for ever moving house, and a scholarly but neurotic father, who threw books around to ease his frustrations. He spent most of his ministry as warden of Sackville College, a 17th-century almshouse for the elderly and infirm near East Grinstead. There he wrote such favourites as "Ye choirs of new Jerusalem", "O happy band of pilgrims", "Jerusalem the golden", and two other Christmas carols, "A great and mighty wonder" and "Good Christian men, rejoice". Neale never retired before midnight, and rose at 4.30am twice a week—allowing himself the luxury of a lie-in until 6.30am on the other five days.

During his second year at Cambridge Neale moved from low to high church, and with a couple of other undergraduates founded the Cambridge Camden Society. Although the society had many influential supporters, energetic high-church scholars were considered dangerous by the ecclesiastical hierarchy, and after his ordination Neale found that many bishops were not disposed to welcome him to their dioceses.

His first living at Crawley was short-lived. Neale found the sight of a churchwarden clambering on the altar to open a window not to his taste. By this time he was married and starting a family, which ultimately numbered five children. Neale's health became uncertain and the family spent three winters in Madeira, where he studied Roman Catholicism and wrote historical novels.

The turning-point of his career came in January, 1846, when he was offered the wardenship of Sackville College, with its chapel, its 34 inmates and its annual stipend of £24. Moved by the

plight of the sick and the elderly in both the almshouses and the surrounding area, where they were left uncared for in times of fever, Neale founded the Society of St Margaret, an order of nursing sisters. Their vows of poverty, chastity and obedience infuriated the local evangelical clique and the vicar, who would harangue his congregation on popery within their midst.

But within the sisters' community, near the almshouses, Neale could do what he liked, and the sisters' excellent work made them popular with the poor and sick. Opposition to him was stirred up mainly by low-church local clergy, who would even resort to mob tactics. On one occasion, after the death of one of the nuns from scarlet fever, a riot was orchestrated by the girl's father, a clergyman from Lewes. As the funeral made its way through the town, Neale was attacked by a drunken mob and had his cap and gown torn to shreds.

He escaped into the King's Head inn with four of the sisters, where he unwisely tried to appease the mob by buying them beer. This made them more violent still, and Neale had to scale two 9-foot walls and borrow a disguise in order to reach the railway station. The nuns disappeared into the back of the inn and managed to requisition a carriage to get to the station. There the party was recognised; Neale was stoned, and the nuns subjected to frightening abuse.

Press reports of the incident caused the order inconvenience for a while, but some years later, when an outbreak of fever devastated Lewes, the townspeople were glad to welcome the sisters back.

For much of his life Father Neale was a frail man, yet he was good company and had a lively sense of humour. He hated change and material concerns. When his wife deemed his clothes too shabby, she had to smuggle replica suits or cassocks into his dressing-room at dead of night.

Neale was a great scholar and, in addition to supervising and ministering to his order of nuns, the almshouses and an orphanage he had founded, he translated widely from Latin and Greek. He wrote at least one book a year as well as discourses on Church history, articles for periodicals, and theological commentaries—all from a standing desk with a quill pen, illuminated by candles and an oil lamp.

He died at the age of 48, leaving as his memorial hymns which are sung in every village, town and diocese in the Christian world, including this last verse of "Good King Wenceslas":

"Wherefore, Christian men, besure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now do bless the poor
Shall yourselves find blessing." □



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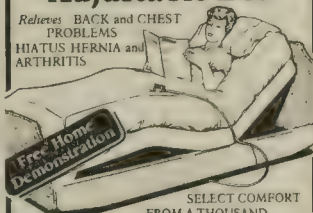
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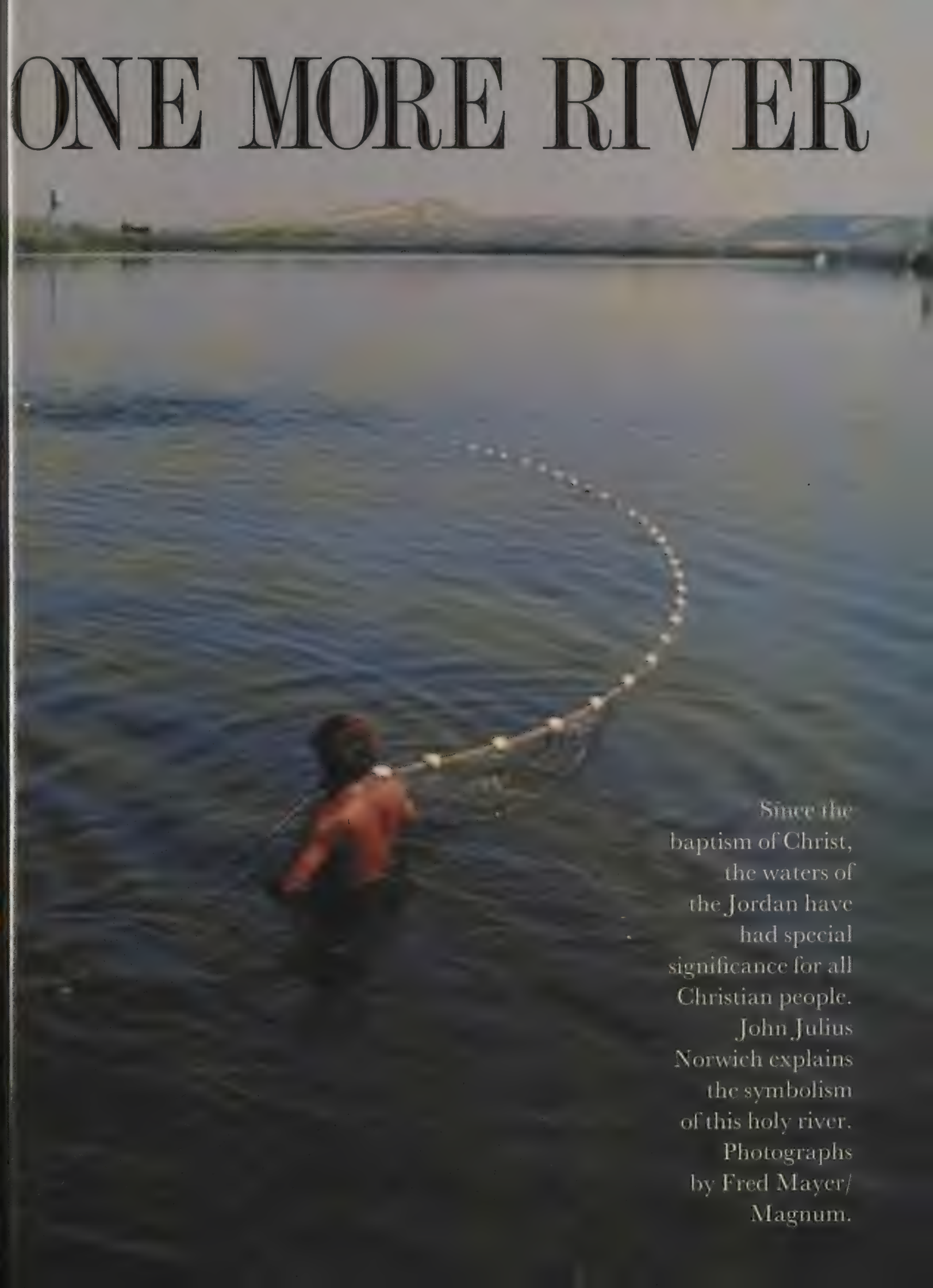
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ONE MORE RIVER



Since the baptism of Christ, the waters of the Jordan have had special significance for all Christian people.

John Julius Norwich explains the symbolism of this holy river.

Photographs by Fred Mayer/ Magnum.



Geographically speaking, the Jordan is not much of a river. If we ignore its interminable twists and turns, it measures little more than 100 miles from its source—at roughly the point where Lebanon, Syria and Israel meet—to its mouth at the Dead Sea. It does not even do what all proper rivers should surely do—flow into the ocean, for the Dead Sea is only a lake, and an unusually unpleasant one at that. The Jordan is really more of an inland watercourse, running in a depressingly straight line from north to south along a short upper section of the Great Rift Valley that extends from Syria to Lake Nyasa. Those crazy meanderings are apparent only on a large-scale map.

And yet for 2,000 years it has been the most famous river in the world: written about, sung about, preached about and painted more than any other on earth. Of those who have so celebrated it, only a minute proportion ever saw it, or had the faintest idea what it looked like. But that did not matter, for the Jordan is not only the most famous of rivers, it is also the most symbolic, standing as it does for

three completely separate things. Of one we are reminded every time we open a newspaper, for the river represents, in a way that no other natural feature possibly could, the tragic struggle that, after nearly half a century, still casts its shadow over the land. But half a century in the history of the Jordan is little more than the twinkling of an eye; the other two concepts are, *sub specie aeternitatis*, a good deal more significant.

First, as we all know, it was in the River Jordan that Jesus Christ was baptised. Thus, in the Christian tradition, the river has come to represent purity, sanctity, absolution and, by extension, practically all the other virtues as well. In the Middle Ages no Crusader would travel back from the Holy Land without carrying at least one small bottle of Jordan water for his family, to be used for baptisms or to confer sanctity on his house. (At Penfound Manor, in Cornwall, a torch shone up the chimney of the Great Hall will reveal just such a bottle, immensely old, placed there many centuries ago by some returning pilgrim and not to be touched without the unleashing of frightful curses.) And



Shepherds, above left, and nomadic desert bedouin, below, maintain their traditional ways of life. A Druse pilgrimage, above, to the sacred shrine of Nebi Shu'eib.







Previous page, the Muslim sanctuary Nebi Musa, mythical burial-place of Moses. Primitive farming methods persist, above, though kibbutzim, below, use more modern techniques.





Date harvesting, above. The Jordan's waters provide the kibbutzim with necessary irrigation. Mosaic memorial, below, to Moses who is said to have died on Mount Nebo.





before 1914 the river banks were regularly thronged with hundreds of white-sheeted Russian peasants, who had walked all the way from their homeland with their families to be baptised in the holy stream. If, as occasionally happened, a baby was swept away during the ceremony, the parents would rejoice in the knowledge that its soul had, as it were, a free passport to heaven.

Second, from that tremendous moment when Moses stood on the summit of Mount Nebo and gazed westwards across the Jordan to Canaan, the river has represented the last frontier, separating the wilderness of this world from the Promised Land, earth from heaven, life on earth from life eternal. "One more river," we used to sing—and have three words ever been set more perfectly to music?—"and that's the river of Jordan, One more river, there's one more river to cross."

Thus, in one sense, the Jordan has come to mean for Christians what the Styx meant for the Greeks and Romans. In another sense, however, the two rivers are as different as they could possibly be. The Styx was dark and gloomy, the

Elysium that lay beyond it a melancholy, twilight place where grew only the asphodel, the dreariest of all flowers. The Jordan, for Christians at any rate, was the last, not very difficult, obstacle on the path to Paradise. For the Roman citizens of *Arabia Felix*, of course, it was rather different. Incredibly enough, there is one place that I know of in which, in a single composition, the Christian and pagan traditions are most delightfully combined. That place is Ravenna, where the central dome mosaic in the Baptistry of the Orthodox depicts Christ's baptism—but with an additional feature in the form of the old pagan river god, shown putting his head above the waves to watch the ceremony.

Nobody, alas, makes mosaics of the Jordan any more. Few people, apart from the occasional watercolourist, even paint it. How lucky we are, then, to have Fred Mayer's superb photographs, not only of the winding stream itself, but of the men and women who live and work and pray along its banks: those for whom it is a livelihood, those for whom it represents their soul's salvation—and those for whom it is just another river □



The ancient Palestinian town of Pella, above left.
Bathers, above, in the tumbling waters near the Jordan's
source in Syria. Below, salt segments on the Dead Sea.





CHRISTMAS AT SEA

Two kinds of people spend Christmas at sea. One, the sailor, does so reluctantly but gets paid for it. The other, the pleasure-seeker, plans the voyage and is happy to pay substantially for it. As Gregory Holyoake describes, both hope to make the best of an occasion which is usually celebrated at one's own fireside.

One of the first to have recorded the experience of being paid to be at sea over Christmas was Captain James Cook, and he did so memorably by discovering, on Christmas Eve, 1777, the largest coral atoll in the Pacific and naming it Christmas Island. He allowed his crew a brief holiday on the bleak and then uninhabited island, which abounded only in fish and turtles, and during their stay they witnessed an eclipse of the sun.

Christmas Island does not feature on any of the major cruises this year, which is hardly surprising as the atoll has more recently been used as an operations base for US and British nuclear weapons tests. Instead, passengers may absorb local customs in different parts of the Pacific, the Caribbean or other exotic locations.

On the P&O's *Canberra*, for example, passengers will spend Christmas Day sailing off the West African coast between Dakar and Freetown. Cunard's *QE2* will be cruising between Fort Lauderdale and Curaçao although passengers who do not want to be at sea on the day can stay on at Disney World in Orlando; while those travelling with Swan Hellenic on the *Normandie* will be cruising along the Seine from Paris to Rouen, pausing on December 25 to visit Château Gaillard, a medieval fortress built by Richard Coeur de Lion.

Passengers who have deliberately planned to escape to sea may find it hard to reconcile their wish with the ambition of every professional seaman to get ashore for Christmas. Commodore Nelson followed Captain Cook's example when he took time off from pursuing the Spanish Fleet to attend a military ball on Elba on Christmas Day,



Perilously decorating the mast-head in 1879, left. Royal Navy survey ship HMS Dampier, above, speeds home in time for Christmas, 1967, with the help of makeshift sails.

1796, and during the First World War the young midshipman Louis Mountbatten was dismayed, when serving on HMS *Lion*, to learn that Admiral Packenham had ordered that Christmas festivities be kept to a minimum because he considered that only children should be merry at this time.

Modern commissioning books of the Royal Navy recognise that it is every sailor's wish to be on home leave at this period. "Christmas was very quiet," records that of HMS *Hermes*, "as most of us were thinking of our families at home, opening the assortment of sea-mail and hoping our parcels had reached their destination on time."

The vast majority of sailors do not get

their wish, and have to spend Christmas Day at sea. In the Royal Navy certain traditions are still observed. There will be divine service, conducted by the chaplain, on the quarter deck. The cook will have prepared special fare for every meal and the menu cards will be duly signed by the whole table and kept as souvenirs. The youngest rating dons the captain's uniform and is piped round the messes a curious survival of the custom of the Lord of Misrule who presided over the Christmas revels in Tudor times.

Perhaps the oddest way to spend Christmas at sea is in a submarine. Commander Angus Sinclair RN, who served on board HMS *Resolution*, a nuclear-armed and nuclear-powered submarine,



A crossing-the-line ceremony in mid ocean during a Christmas cruise provides a good opportunity for some light-hearted fun and games for both passengers and crew.

in 1982, found it "A most strangely lonely experience". The *Polaris* submarine is 425 feet long, weighs 8,400 tonnes when submerged and carries a crew of 163 on a regular two- to three-month patrol, during which time only the captain and his navigator know where they are going. The crew leave home port, visit nowhere and return from their top-secret mission to almost the same spot in the shallow waters of the Clyde.

Christmas, according to Commander Sinclair, is certainly looked forward to with pleasure. Recreation spaces are decorated with cards addressed to the crew, balloons and the odd plastic tree "but no greenery since this is difficult to obtain hundreds of feet down". The

captain takes a service, turkey is served for lunch, but even so it is not a day of particularly great fun.

Each member of the crew tries to find a quiet corner to have his thoughts to himself and to open letters sent in advance from family and friends. Gifts tend to be on the small side—there is not a lot of space—and *never* clothes. Clockwork toys are popular since everyone finds them amusing and at one time every surface on board the *Resolution* was covered with clattering wind-up mice. "We all try to be cheerful," promises Commander Sinclair "which is a little difficult when you're fathoms deep."

Naval officers tell the story of another captain who made a gallant attempt to

sail his warship home from the Far East in time for Christmas some years ago. HMS *Dampier*, a Royal Navy survey ship, was returning home in 1967 after 20 years' service in the Indian Ocean when off the coast of Africa her starboard propeller sheared. Morale sank when it was realised that, with the loss of one engine, speed would be greatly reduced, making it impossible for the ship to arrive home in December.

Commander Peter Cardno gave orders to strike the canvas awnings which had provided shade for the wooden decks and convert them into sails, to be stretched across oars from the lifeboats. Five giant square sails were thus created and attached to the masts fore and aft, and in this ingenious manner HMS *Dampier* doubled her speed while traversing 3,000 miles of the Atlantic Ocean.

This extraordinary feat attracted the attention of the national press—and one puzzled Russian spyship—as the sleek grey vessel huffed and puffed her way into the English Channel. Heroically she arrived at Chatham Dockyard on December 23 in time for her crew to spend Christmas with relatives and friends.

Some Christmases at sea have been very rugged. The American sailor Richard Henry Dana recorded in his book *Two Years before the Mast* (1840) a miserable Christmas spent in cramped quarters with an irritable crew on board the brig *Pilgrim* while rounding Cape Horn. Christmas Day was no holiday and the only concession was plum duff for dinner. This led to a quarrel with the steward because the plums had been regarded as a substitute for molasses and the crew felt they had been cheated of their rations. The following year, while working his passage back to Boston on the *Alert*, Dana's Christmas experience was repeated: plum duff . . . hard labour . . . persistent rain.

"In all my 20 years of wandering over the restless waters of the globe I can only remember one Christmas Day celebrated by a present given and received," declared Joseph Conrad in his essay "Christmas Day At Sea". Daybreak of Christmas morning, 1879, revealed a light wind, a heavy swell and the distant sails of a solitary ship tossing about aimlessly on the sombre expanse of the Southern Ocean. Conrad's amiable captain ordered the ship's carpenter to fill an empty wooden keg with newspapers and two boxes of figs in honour of the day; it was then flung over the rail into the hostile sea. The other ship, an American whaler, rolling desperately, lowered a boat to retrieve her surprise Christmas present from the English wool clipper.

Round-the-world yachtsman, Chay

Blyth, sailing against the wind alone in the *British Steel*, rounded Cape Horn at Christmas, 1970. Tired, cold, sick and sad, his mood of deep depression on Christmas Eve was intensified when he opened the cards and gifts thoughtfully provided in advance by his family and friends. "I packed them all away again except for two decorations and a calendar with photographs of Scotland," he confided in his diary. "I decided to open all my presents later when the weather was better."

On Christmas Day the weather worsened, with the wind blowing a Force 8 gale, gusting to Force 9, and the seas becoming truly menacing. A freak wave hit the yacht, hurled Blyth across the cockpit, injured his forehead and smashed the self-steering beyond repair. A radio request from his wife and daughter for "Moon River", transmitted on the Merchant Navy programme, did little to restore morale. This cruel Christmas present from the Southern Ocean had put his voyage in jeopardy.

Closer to home, the sea is still no respecter of customs. The voluntary crews of lifeboats around the coasts have to remain on the alert throughout the Christmas period, ready to respond instantly to signals of distress—sometimes with dire consequences to themselves. The Cornish fishing village of Mousehole spent Christmas, 1981, mourning the loss of its lifeboat, *Solomon Browne*, and the crew of eight who died in a courageous second attempt to rescue the stricken coaster *Union Star* off the rocks of Tater-dhu.

Tenby's Tyne-class lifeboat RFA *Sir Galahad*, which serves the busiest station on the Welsh coast, has experienced numerous Christmas call-outs in recent years. Coxswain Alan Thomas, a third-generation lifeboatman, recalls accompanying the crew as a boy when they took Christmas hampers to the Helwick and St Govan's lightvessels. Most of the gifts came from local farmers and tradesmen as a mark of good will towards the brave men who guarded their rocky coastline.

Charity visits to lighthouses and lightships were regular features of coastal towns until recent times. The Reverend Thomas Stanley Treanor, author of *Heroes of the Goodwin Sands*, described successive Christmas calls to isolated lightships in the English Channel at the turn of the century. Treanor was chaplain of the Missions to Seamen at Deal—the last station actively serving afloat—and his parish was that anchorage of water between the Kent coast and the Goodwin Sands, known as "The Downs". Gifts, which included holly, ivy, letters, cards, books, newspapers, mufflers knit-

ted by the ladies ashore, plum-pudding, beef and fresh vegetables, were stowed aboard the small mission boat, *Evangeline*, and her dedicated crew of three, dressed in oiled jackets, sou'westers and sea boots, visited each lightship in turn.

Their first call in Christmas week, 1896, was a moonlit trip to the Gull lightship, faintly visible 4 miles from the shore. Treanor, affectionately nicknamed "Sky Pilot", was hauled aboard by the lightshipmen, and with the aid of his collapsible harmonium conducted a carol service on deck.

Three days later Treanor organised pastoral visits to the more distant East and North Goodwin lightships. For this expedition the services of the lifeboat coxswain were required, in addition to the hire of a sturdier craft which would withstand the rough seas of the open Channel. After conducting a service on board the North Goodwin lightship Treanor's crew found, to their dismay, that the wind had dropped and they were forced to row their boat 10 miles home. It was an eerie journey in the pitch dark, apart from the newly-lit lantern of the lightship. The crew was guided only by the mournful sounds of hidden buoys to steer clear of the dangerous Goodwin sandbank and away from the routes of passing steamers.

Treanor's devotion to duty was demonstrated in his valiant efforts to reach the South Sandhead lightship which guarded the southern tip of the Goodwin Sands. The first expedition on Christmas Eve was abandoned when he and his crew were almost within reach of their destination because of thick fog. Next day a strong breeze and an ebb tide were in their favour and they reached the lightship with little difficulty. Treanor sailed the 6 miles home missing his lunch

yet elated that he had spent a successful Christmas Day ministering to his maritime parish.

Other essential services continue to operate at sea during the festivities. Generally, Christmas and New Year are working days offshore for the 500 members of Mobil's Beryl A and Beryl B oil platforms, located 5 miles apart some 200 miles north-east of Aberdeen, in the North Sea. Male and female employees, including drillers, engineers, the occasional geologist, "roughnecks" and "roustabouts" (who operate machinery), work a fortnightly shift and are transported across the grey, forbidding sea by Tiger helicopter.

At Christmas caterers organise an extravagant "shoreline" buffet at which shellfish are arranged around a model of the Scottish coastline with a working windmill and flashing lighthouse. Live music is provided in the tinselled theatre, a comedian may be ferried out if the weather is favourable, events are organised to raise funds for the company's charity, "Black Gold", or employees can retire to their cabins to watch the Queen's speech.

Those pleasure-seekers who actually want to spend Christmas at sea need have no fear that they will miss the Queen's speech, as it will be featured in many of the Christmas cruise celebrations. The traditional English Christmas is carefully recreated on board even though the ship may be sailing in unseasonably sunny weather. There will be cocktail parties with the Captain, competitive swims for the children, carol singing round the grand piano, tea under the giant tree, party games, dancing, and no doubt a special edition of the ship's newspaper conveying the "compliments of the sea-son" □



Passengers cruising on SS *Canberra* this year will enjoy traditional Christmas festivities while basking in the sunshine

GAMES PEOPLE KEEP PLAYING

This Christmas some of us may play board games with origins in the Stone Age. Irving Finkel, organiser of the British Museum's exhibition Board Games of the World which runs until March, describes some of the earliest games and their modern derivatives.

Board games are played all over the world and continue to hold their own in the face of state-of-the-art electronic diversions. Chess, Backgammon, Ludo and Snakes-and-Ladders, readily available in toy shops, have long histories which suggest that they may outlast their modern rivals. In many cases these and similar games derive from, or are comparable to, others that have been played for several thousand years.

Man has probably always turned to games in moments of leisure, boredom or frustration. In some contemporary societies there is an overlap between games and ritual, or games and divination, and this may also have been so in antiquity. Our earliest evidence, in the form of what seem to be primitive boards, is neolithic, from the Middle East, dating to about 6500BC. By the middle of the third millennium BC we can see that certain games had spread, with trade or conquest, between cultures. Such games are ancestral to some we enjoy today.

The oldest group we can identify for certain in the archaeological record is that classified as "race games", and the

most famous example from the ancient world is the so-called Royal Game of Ur, found by Sir Leonard Woolley at Ur (southern Iraq) in the 1920s. In excavating graves in the royal cemetery Woolley found five boards for this game; the most spectacular is now in the British Museum. Fortunately he also recovered several sets of gaming pieces—of which there were seven per side—as well as two kinds of dice: a long variety and peculiar pyramid-shaped ones with two marked corners. This was evidently a race game for two players, and it would be reasonable to suppose that each player entered his man from a specific side, that the pieces were moved by the dice and that it was a race to get all pieces off first. This much had already been deduced, with the added assumption that a piece could be knocked off and made to start again by an enemy piece landing on the same square.

I was lucky enough to be able to identify a cuneiform clay tablet in the British Museum, written in 177BC in Babylon, that tells us more about how this game was played. It was written by

an imaginative and learned scribe who wanted to provide an astrological explanation for the national game of Babylonia that had been widely played for many generations. From this tablet, which provides the world's oldest set of rules for a game, some details can be filled in. Each piece required a special throw to launch it on the board; the squares marked with rosettes were lucky if landed on, but unlucky if passed over. People also gambled on the game, probably on individual throws. It was undoubtedly the most popular game of the ancient Near East.

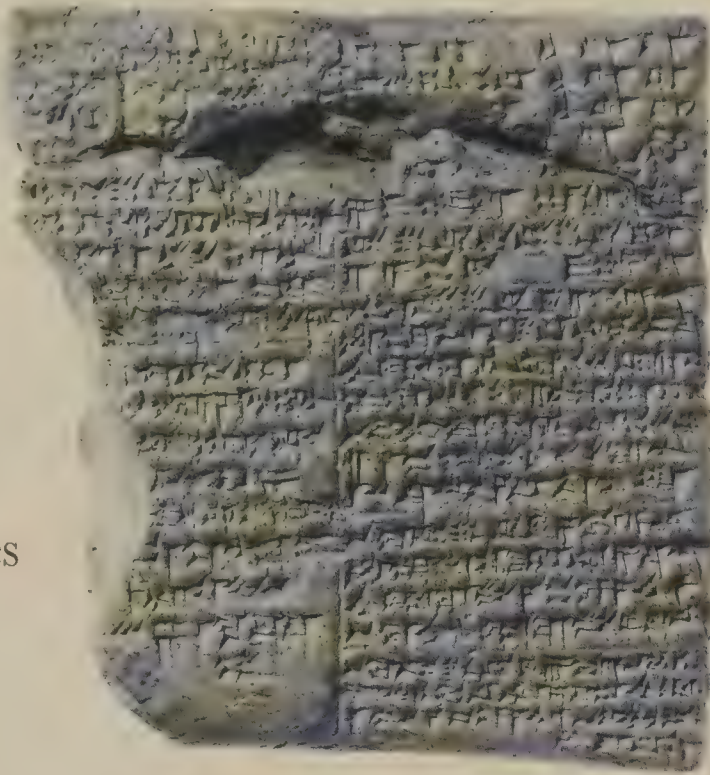
Boards from the third millennium BC are known from Iraq and Iran, and maybe even Pakistan. After 2000BC we know of boards from Iraq, Iran, Israel, Lebanon, Egypt, Jordan and possibly Crete. The game must have been good to have spread so far and lasted so long, since we can trace it to the middle of the first millennium BC. In Egypt the game was called Twenty, and in Babylonia Pack of Dogs; it is often now referred to as the Game of Twenty Squares.

Archaeologists from Berlin, excavat-

ing the site of Habuba Kabira in Syria, recently found a workshop in which boards for this game seem to have been manufactured in considerable numbers. The building dates from around 3300BC, considerably before the advent of writing in that part of the world.

From fieldwork carried out by Israeli anthropologists at Cochin, in south-west India, it appears that the game, under the name of Asha, has been preserved among a small and conservative community of Jews. The existence of such a similar board might seem to be mere coincidence, but there is no parallel for a board layout of this type from the Indian subcontinent. Another explanation therefore needs to be found.

It seems probable that the ancestors of the present south Indian Jewish community brought the game with them when they left Babylon for India in the early centuries AD. The game is now more or less extinct, but an old lady from that community who retained a sharp and precise memory of her girlhood was able to fill in some parts of the jigsaw, describing how the game was still played

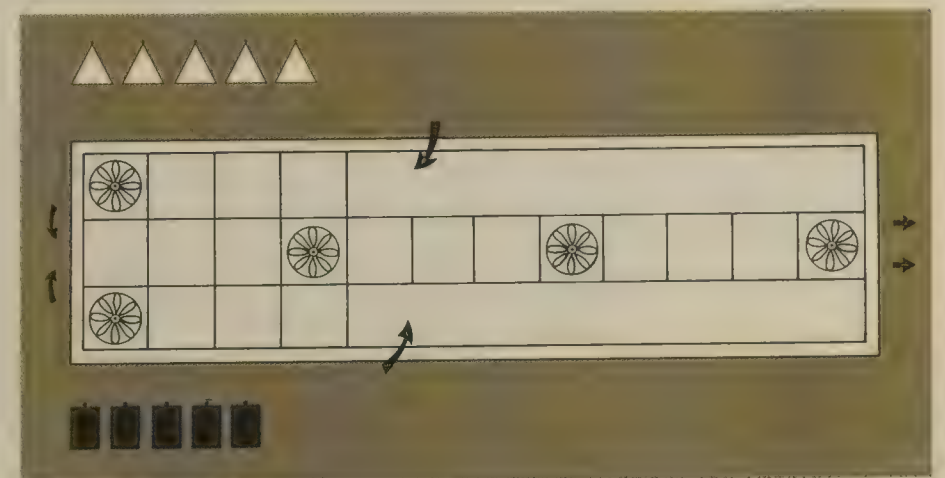


PHOTOGRAPHS: TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM



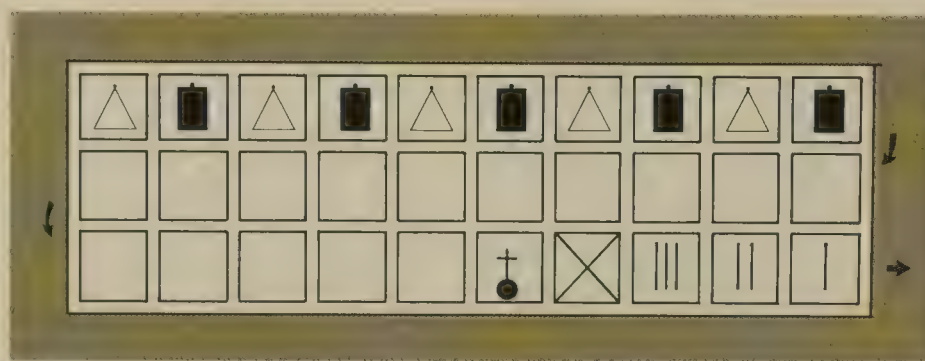
The world's earliest known set of rules for a board game, above left, written on clay by a Babylonian scribe in 177BC.

The game that it explains is similar to the Royal Game of Ur, above, dating from 2600BC and found during Sir Leonard Woolley's excavations in Iraq in the 1920s. This race game for two players is of the same style as the Game of Twenty Squares, reconstructed below.





The satirical papyrus, above, from about 1200 BC shows Senet, played in ancient Egypt for about 3,000 years. It was believed at one time that the souls of the dead had to play the game to decide their fate in the Underworld, and evidence of Senet was often found in tombs. A reconstruction of the board, right, shows the S-shaped course. It appears to have been a forerunner of Tab es-Siga, still played in Egypt and the Sudan.



in about 1900. This means that the Game of Twenty Squares has been in more or less continuous use from about 3300 BC until virtually modern times.

Game boxes for Senet, or Passing—the national game played in ancient Egypt for some 3,000 years—are often found in tombs as part of the funerary equipment. At certain periods it was believed that the soul of the dead had to play a game of Senet in order to decide its fate in the Underworld. From papyri that describe this in some detail Egyptologists have been able to reconstruct in outline a race game for two players. The pieces were

lined up alternately along one edge and then, following dice-throws, moved in an S-shaped pattern along the track. The Egyptian and Sudanese game of Tab es-Siga, still played today, is thought to derive from this old Egyptian forerunner.

Games of this category still enjoy great popularity, the most widespread and enduring of them being Backgammon. The modern version derives from the medieval game of Tables, which itself probably grew out of a reduced version of a popular Roman board game called Ludus Duodecim Scriptorum, the Game of Twelve Lines. An interesting idiosyn-

crasy is that the area for play is marked out by letters which, when read across, provide saucy or irreverent phrases:

levate dalocu Get up! Make room!
ludere nescis You know nothing of play!
idiota recede Get back, ignoramus!

Some race games are for four players. The most familiar example is Ludo, which itself derives from the traditional game of Pachisi, or Chausar, still widely played in India. It may derive from a two-handed race game of the Ur type.

Race Games constituted the third



ILL-FINKEI

division of H.J.R. Murray's five-fold classification of the world's board games, set out in his *History of Board Games other than Chess*, published in 1952. His first division comprised Alignment Games, of which Nine Men's Morris is the most familiar type. There are several variants but the idea is to line up three or more men on the intersecting points. Boards for this game have even turned up engraved in cathedral cloisters.

Murray's second division was Hunt Games, of which the once-popular Fox and Geese is the classic example. Solitaire is a further well-known form, and Halma is a late invention of the same type. After Race Games came Mankala Games, a generic term for the family of related games found throughout Africa and Asia. In alternate moves seeds are sown in holes or cups arranged in rows on

a carved board, the aim being to capture those of the opponent.

The final classification was War Games, of which the most important and successful is Chess. The origins of this game are still a matter for scholarly dispute, but recognisable Chess can be documented at least as early as AD600, and is probably much older, with its literature in a great range of languages.

Board games have the remarkable quality of transcending political upheavals and cultural changes, and are thus a rich and significant field for research as well as being fun to play □

The race game of Asha, above, a descendent of the ancient Game of Twenty Squares, is still known to a small Jewish community in south-west India more than 5,000 years after its predecessor was first recorded. The ancestors of the present Indian community are thought to have brought the game with them when they left Babylon in the early centuries AD, since there is no evidence of it from the Indian subcontinent. Below, one of the many varieties of mankala game—a generic term covering games found in parts of Africa and Asia.



PHOTOGRAPHS: TRUSTEES OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM



Widely known as digestifs and enjoyed with after-dinner coffee, these sweet, potent beverages also have their uses in the kitchen.

Polly Tyrer takes a look at liqueurs and gives some recipes for sweet and savoury dishes enhanced by them.

Photographs by Roger Stowell.

LACED WITH LIQUEURS

Calvados, which is distilled from Normandy cider, is ideal for use in cooking light meals, such as pheasant.

By the time coffee is passed around at the end of a meal a soporific feeling has usually taken over and a liqueur slips down easily without too much consideration of its exquisite, aromatic ingredients.

Liqueurs are sweetened alcoholic beverages flavoured with such natural products as herbs, bark, wood, roots, flowers, seeds, fruits, beans and kernels.

Many of the recipes were devised in the 16th century, and even today manufacturers keep their blends a closely-guarded secret. Rum, whisky, brandy or some neutral spirit are the usual bases for liqueurs, flavoured by one of two processes. Where natural colour and freshness are vital, aromatics are macerated in the spirit. By this method it can take from a day to a year for all the flavour to be absorbed. The alternative, percolation, is carried out in rather the same way as making coffee, with heat speeding up the infusion process.

The mixture is sweetened with sugar, syrup or honey, coloured, and finely filtered. Some liqueurs are bottled straight away; others are allowed first to mature.

Liqueurs have provided a wonderful medium for the exercise of ingenuity, and there are now hundreds of different kinds whose colours go right across the spectrum: red, purple, turquoise, green, yellow and gold. Many of the bottles are curiously shaped, and some of their labels bear names designed to titillate. Parfait Amour, for example, Harem's Delight or Forbidden Fruit. It can be fun to work your way through the bar shelf tasting all these exotic concoctions but generally it is best to drink the market leaders which have, after all, earned their popularity through tasting good.

In France liqueurs are known as *digestifs* a recognition that the combination of alcohol and certain herbs or seeds can aid digestion, hence the tradition of slowly sipping such a glass at the end of a meal. Kümmel, based on caraway seeds, is a particularly smooth, soothing liqueur and recurs in a watered-down version as the gripe-water given to tiny babies.

Absinthe was the first aniseed-based liqueur, produced by Henri Louis Pernod. So dry and powerful was it that Edwardian ladies would pour it drop by drop through a sugar cube held on a small absinthe spoon. Its content of wormwood was so dangerously high that the drink was banned



RASPBERRIES ARE ONE OF THE MANY SOFT FRUITS USED TO MAKE EAU-DE-VIE

and today's Pernod was the substitute. Although officially classed as a liqueur, Pernod tends to be topped up with water and drunk as an aperitif.

Liqueurs appear a gaudy gathering compared with their sophisticated relations the eaux-de-vie, which are pure distillations of the fermented juice or essence of fruits and their kernels. The idea for eaux-de-vie came about as a means of tax avoidance in medieval times. Tax on wine was levied on its bulk, so the producers distilled it to reduce the volume and brandy was the result.

Brandies are distilled from wines all over the world, but that produced from around Cognac in

France is of superior flavour and smoothness. To merit the cognac name the spirit must be made with wine from grapes grown within a legally-defined area of the Charente region and matured in barrels of Limousin oak which imparts colour and flavour. These spirits and liqueurs age only in the barrel and once bottled do not improve. Armagnac, the only other brandy from a named region, is made from grapes grown in the sandy soil of Gascony in south-west France, and matured in barrels of black Gascony oak. Other brandies are distilled from marc—the pulp left from crushed grapes—the best-known being marc de Bourgogne.

Calvados is a delicious apple brandy distilled from Normandy cider and, like cognac, aged in oak. The method of crushing and fermentation is laid down by *appellation contrôlée*. Calvados is a particularly good spirit for use in the cooking of savoury dishes, terrines, or with light meats such as pork, chicken, duck or pheasant.

Other eaux-de-vie are kirsch (made from cherries) quetsch or mirabelle (plums), poire William (pears), framboise (raspberries) and fraise des bois (wild strawberries). This group is known as *alcools blancs*, because they are aged in ceramic casks so that the liquid is as clear as water. They are dry and potent, with powerful fruit bouquets.

Kirsch enhances almost any dessert and is especially good added to cherry sauces served with pork or poultry. Poire William can be recognised by the whole pear usually seen floating in each bottle. The embryo pear is grown inside the bottle, which is slipped over it as the fruit hangs on the tree.

A dash of liqueur adds an air of luxury to almost any dish. Because they are sweet, liqueurs are used mostly for desserts and are added neat, making the alcohol part of the final flavour. The dry, intense character of eaux-de-vie, however, can benefit sweet and savoury dishes. Their high alcohol content acts as a preservative in terrines, fruit cakes, Christmas puddings and mincemeat. In Bailey's Irish Cream the whiskey preserves the fresh cream mixture. Peaches, apricots, cherries

LIQUEUR FLAVOURINGS

Tia Maria
Kahlua

Jamaican rum and Blue Mountain coffee
Mexican coffee liqueur, less sweet than Tia Maria

Drambuie
Grand Marnier
Curaçao

Whisky base with honey and herbs
Orange-flavoured brandy liqueur
Dry, white liqueur flavoured with orange-peel and spices, usually coloured blue or orange

Parfait Amour
Bénédictine
Chartreuse

Distinctive purple colour, herb-flavoured
Brandy base with herbs, myrrh and honey
Honey, herb and spice flavours. Of the two varieties, green is 96% proof and yellow 75%
Italian, herb-based

Galliano
Advocaat
Cointreau
Amaretto
Sambucco
Van der Hum
Anisette
Crème de Cassis
Crème de Menthe
Crème de Cacao
Crème de Banane

Egg and brandy
Orange-flavoured and dry
Italian, apricot- and almond-flavoured
Elder- and liquorice-flavoured
South African version of curaçao
Aniseed
Blackcurrant
Mint
Cocoa bean
Banana

or plums can be preserved in brandy or an appropriately-flavoured eau-de-vie.

The Germans preserve their fruit in a Rumtopf. As fruit ripens throughout the summer, layers are set down in a large, lidded pot. As each layer is set down it is sprinkled with sugar and covered with rum or brandy. At the end of the season the pot is well sealed, ready for savouring at Christmas. The fruit makes a highly potent dessert, served with whipped cinnamon cream, while the liquid can be drunk as a liqueur or mixed with champagne.

We tend to think of anything laced with brandy as intoxicating but, if so, this is merely by association, for the alcohol would give a bitter taste and is thus always removed by flaming or evaporation, leaving behind its rich flavour. The flaming process is necessary only if the sauce is not being simmered to evaporate the alcohol. However, the Christmas pudding will always be set alight. The best method is to warm the spirit in a small pan, light it and pour it, flaming, over the pudding or into the sauce. Stand back when lighting in case the flames flare up, and have a pan lid ready to douse the flames if things should get out of hand. Light the spirit before adding it to a sauce or it will be too dilute to ignite.

The beauty of using liqueurs in cooking is that quite simple dishes can sound impressive. Any good-quality cut of meat can be pan-fried and flamed for a quick main course, but it is really in desserts that liqueurs come into their own. Always add brandy as well as sherry to a trifle, or try pouring flaming brandy over a baked Alaska for a spectacular finish. Dried fruit can be soaked; prunes are especially good in brandy. Make a cheat's *crème brûlée*: put grapes in the base of a ramekin, add a teaspoon of crème de cassis, cover with whipped cream and chill well, then sprinkle with brown sugar and pop it under a hot grill until the sugar starts to bubble.

Liqueurs make a quick sauce for ice cream—Kahlua, particularly or use strawberries, soaked in Grand Marnier and chilled. Make up ice-cream sundae using whipped cream and liqueur; whipped cream, custard and liqueur; fruit or fruit purées with liqueur, caramel and Grand Marnier sauce or chocolate and brandy sauce. Add liqueur-soaked macaroons or ratafias. After that, if you can manage it, you can sit back and enjoy a cup of coffee and a liqueur.

DISHES WITH A FESTIVE SPIRIT

POTTED PRAWNS

WITH DRAMBUÏE

5oz/175g unsalted butter
8oz/250g peeled prawns
salt, ground black pepper
grated nutmeg
cayenne pepper
squeeze lemon juice
2 tbsp Drambuie
To serve
bunch of watercress, washed
and trimmed

Put the butter into a sauté pan and melt slowly. Add the prawns and season well with salt, black pepper, nutmeg, cayenne pepper and lemon juice.

Warm the Drambuie in a small pan or ladle and light, then pour it flaming over the prawns. When the flames have died down, spoon the mixture into four ramekin dishes and refrigerate for about an hour until set.

To serve, warm the ramekins in a roasting tin that is full of boiling water until the butter mixture is nearly melted. Turn the potted prawns carefully on to individual serving plates and decorate with watercress.

CHICKEN BREASTS

MARINATED IN PERNOD

4 chicken breasts
For the marinade
½ pt/150ml Pernod
½ pt/150ml oil
2 tsp fennel seed
½ small onion, sliced
2 slices lemon
1 tbsp lemon juice
½ tsp salt
ground black pepper
To decorate
1 tbsp chopped mint

The day before, mix the marinade ingredients together, pour over the chicken breasts, cover and chill overnight.

Set the oven to 190°C/375°F/gas mark 5. Put the chicken with the marinade into a roasting tin and cook for 45 minutes, basting several times, or until the meat is well browned and the juices run clear when pierced with a sharp knife.

Arrange the chicken on a serving dish and keep warm in the oven. Remove the lemon slices and pour the juices into a jug. Leave for a minute until the fat has risen to the top, then remove this top layer with a spoon or a plastic baster.

Warm up the remaining juices in a small pan and hand this sauce separately. Sprinkle the chicken with mint just before serving.

PHEASANT WITH CALVADOS

2 small hen pheasants
oil and butter for frying
1 small onion, finely chopped
2 tart, green apples, peeled, cored
and sliced
½ pt/150ml strong chicken or
game stock
½ pt/150ml calvados
lemon juice
salt, ground black pepper
To decorate
bunch of watercress, washed
and trimmed

Set the oven to 180°C/350°F/gas mark 4. Cut each pheasant into four neat pieces. Heat butter and oil in a heavy frying pan and brown the pheasant pieces on both sides. Transfer to a casserole.

Gently fry the onion until soft and golden, and put it into the casserole with the apple. Pour the stock and calvados into the frying pan and bring to the boil. Add the liquid to the casserole.

Season with lemon juice, salt and pepper. Cover and cook in the oven for 40-50 minutes.

Arrange the meat on a dish and decorate with watercress. Liquidise the sauce, check seasoning, and re-heat before serving.

CHOCOLATE BRANDY POTS

8 ratafia biscuits
2 tbsp Amaretto
½ pt/150ml double cream,
whipped
5oz/175g plain chocolate, melted
2 tbsp brandy

Put two ratafia biscuits in the base of each of four ramekin dishes and sprinkle with the Amaretto.

Allow the melted chocolate to cool. Carefully fold into the whipped cream with the brandy. Divide the mixture between the ramekin dishes and chill until set.



LYON WATSON

BRANDY BREAD-AND-BUTTER

PUDDING WITH

GRAND MARNIER SAUCE

¼ of a large, day-old French loaf
butter
handful of sultanas
2 whole eggs, and 2 yolks
½ pt/150ml double cream
½ pt/300ml milk
1oz/25g brown sugar
3 tbsp brandy
1 tsp cinnamon
For the sauce
1oz/25g butter
1oz/25g granulated sugar
½ pt/150ml orange juice
2 or 3 tbsp Grand Marnier

Cut the French bread in ¼ in/½ cm slices and butter. Arrange in one overlapping layer in a buttered, ovenproof dish approximately 6in by 8in/15cm by 20cm. Scatter over the sultanas. Mix eggs, egg yolks, cream, milk, sugar and brandy. Pour over the bread and leave to stand for 30 minutes.

Set the oven to 180°C/350°F/gas mark 4. Sprinkle the bread-and-butter pudding with cinnamon and stand it in a roasting tin filled with boiling water. Bake for about 40 minutes until the pudding is golden brown and just set.

To make the sauce, melt butter in a heavy-based pan, add sugar and stir until it starts to melt. Pour in the orange juice and stir until sugar has dissolved completely. Add the Grand Marnier and simmer gently until reduced and syrupy (about 10-15 minutes).

Serve the bread-and-butter pudding warm, with the sauce handed separately.

ICED SABAYON WITH KÜMMEL

4 egg yolks
4 tbsp caster sugar
4 tbsp white wine
2 tbsp kümmel
½ pt/150ml double cream

This recipe can be served with Christmas pudding or mince pies as an alternative to cream or brandy butter—or even on its own as a light dessert.


Put the egg yolks, sugar and wine together in a bowl. Set over a pan of simmering water. Whisk for 10-15 minutes until thick and creamy. The mixture should leave a trail when the whisk is lifted. Remove from the heat and continue to whisk until cool.

Lightly whip the cream to a similar consistency and fold it, with the kümmel, into the egg mixture. Chill before serving.

All recipes serve four □

DISCOVER THE BEAUTY OF

Landstrom's BLACK HILLS GOLD



In 1876 at the height of the goldrush a Frenchman called LeBeau arrived in The Black Hills of South Dakota. It was there he taught his skills to local craftsmen who incorporated his distinctive pink, green and gold grape and leaf in their own jewellery. The very same designs, created all those years ago, can now be found in this country, exquisitely engraved by hand in 9 carat gold.

The Landstrom's Black Hills Gold jewellery collection - just waiting to be discovered.

Hockley - Here's Something Different
Harborne - J J Rudell & Co Ltd
Wolverhampton - J J Rudell
Kings Heath - A W Webb
NORFOLK
Great Yarmouth - Cox & Sons Ltd
Norwich - Dipple & Sons Ltd
Derham - R Ellis Jewellers
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE
Northampton - Michael Jones Jewellers
NORTHUMBERLAND
Blyth - J Heron & Son
Cramlington - W H Lake Ltd
Hexham - J C Heroman
OXFORDSHIRE
Oxford - Gowing Jewellers
Bicester - C J Lawrence
Wallingford - M G J Jewellers
Witney - Terence Lett Jewellers
SALOP
Shrewsbury - Kimer Jewellers
SHROPSHIRE
Bridgenorth - Nicola Graham Fine Jewellers
SOMERSET
Taunton - R L Cozens Ltd

Burnham-on-Sea - Howard May Wells - Leo Fisher
Wellington - Porter & Fry
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Mildenhall - E Morley & Sons Ltd
Brandon - E & A Saunders
Sudbury - R G Chapman
Woodbridge - Hudsons Jewellers
SURREY
Reigate - Alexanders
Caterham - J J Browne & Sons
Oxted - Michael Wright FGA
Oxted - Town & Country Jewellers
Camberley - Walsh Brothers Jewellers
Purley - Walsh Brothers Jewellers
Mitcham - David Robb Jewellers
EAST SUSSEX
Brighton - Berry Wilett
Brighton - Kellierwood
Newhaven - Douglas Nelson
Seaford - A Chatfield & Son
Haywards Heath - R & R Stevenson

WEST SUSSEX
Worthing - Jewel Work
Chichester - Perfect Timing
Crawley - Rogers Cleaver & Forster
Horsham - Gold Dust
TYNE & WEAR
Sunderland - Blacklock & Son
Newcastle - Bernstone's
Gateshead - Crouch the Goldsmith
Gosforth - Grays the Jewellers
Sunderland - S L Witten & Son
Newcastle - Fraser Hart
WARWICKSHIRE
Bedworth - Evans & Sons
Kenilworth - Kirkpatrick Jewellers Ltd
Rugby - Thomas Cleaver Jewellers
Salisbury - Allum & Sidaway
Swindon - Deacon & Sons
SOUTH YORKSHIRE
Doncaster - Bell Jewellers
Sheffield - Walker & Hall
Sheffield - H L Brown
NORTH YORKSHIRE
Bridlington - Lazer Gems
York - Prestons

WEST YORKSHIRE
Leeds (Guiseley) - N G Bolton
Leeds - Penguins
Ilkley - Phillips
Wakefield - A Townsend
EAST YORKSHIRE
Cottingham - Vectors Fine Jewellers
SCOTLAND
ABERDEENSHIRE
Huntley - M J Ward
Banchory - T & H Sinclair
Peterhead - Robert Emslie
Ayrshire
Ayr - Matthew, Mark & Sons
CENTRAL
Stirling - Eshe Hirsch
FIFE
St Andrews - M M Henderson
HIGHLAND
Inverness - Murray Forbes
Elgin - Little The Jewellers
LANARKSHIRE
Hamilton - Jon Vincent Light
Lanark - D H McKellar

Wishaw - D H McKellar
LOTHIAN
Edinburgh - Laing the Jewellers
Edinburgh - Fraser Hart
PERTSHIRE
Blairgowrie - Victor & Sons
Perth - T B Mitchell
SHELTAND
Lerwick - J G Rae
STRATHCLYDE
Glasgow, Argyle Arcade - Laing
Glasgow, Renfield St - Laing
Glasgow, Sauchiehall Street - Laing
Glasgow, Argyle Arcade - Fraser Hart
Glasgow, Sauchiehall Street - Fred Hill
Greenock - McNeils Jewellers
TAYSIDE
Dundee - Robertson & Watt
NORTHERN IRELAND
ANTRIM
Belfast - J H Lunn Ltd
SOUTHERN IRELAND
Dublin, Grafton Street - Weirs & Sons

WALES
CLWYD
Colwyn Bay - Burns Jewellers
DYFED
Abergavenny - Biju
Haverford West - How
MID GLAMORGAN
Swansea - David Mich
Caerphilly - Waddons
SOUTH GLAMORGAN
Cardiff - Crouch the Goldsmiths
Swansea - Swansea Goldsmiths
ISLE OF WIGHT
Newport - T M Taylor & Sons
COWES - T M Taylor & Sons
ISLE OF MAN
Ramsey - P G Allom & Co
Douglas - G & R Ridge
CHANNEL ISLES
St Peter Port - Bond St Jewellers
St Sampsons - Ray & Sons
JERSEY
St Helier - Bond St Jewellers



WHAT'S NEW FOR CHRISTMAS?

The ILN's guide to some original products on the market this winter.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR ROBINSON
It looks like an ordinary piano, but the Yamaha Disklavier is light-years ahead of anything that Chopin would recognise. In addition to providing the features of an electric piano, the Disklavier can record your own performance and play it back, adding its own accompaniment. As well as aiding progress on the keyboard, the instrument has a library of pre-recorded floppy discs which will help you play like a concert pianist in your own home or provide accompaniment for a singer or instrumentalist. Volume, playing speed, and even key can be adjusted by remote control. Available in polished ebony, polished white or satin American walnut, in upright and grand versions, from £5,399.

Animal-lovers should pay a visit to The General Trading Company. Among the many gifts this year is the colourfully-painted wooden duck telephone, which quacks and flashes its eyes to warn of an incoming call. The controls are placed discreetly underneath the duck's body. Price £67.95. Silver bottle-corkers, with tops fashioned in the shapes of gundogs and pheasants, make useful stocking-fillers at £9.50 each.



For a festive table ornament which is useful as well as attractive, look no further than Garrard's. The Crown Jewellers offer a sterling-silver, reindeer-and-sleigh sweet dish. This unusual piece is certain to be a talking point as guests suck their after-dinner mints. Price £486.

Delicious all-butter shortbread hearts from Crabtree & Evelyn are a romantic reminder of the old Scottish tradition by which, in the remoter parts of the country, this sweet biscuit was the customary wedding cake. Two hearts in a patterned box cost £2.

For gifts in old English silver to adorn dressing tables, go to a branch of Penhaligon's. A pretty heart-shaped dish costs £85, a silver-backed comb £95.



Wartski, specialists in 18th- and 19th-century *objets d'art*, has a fine selection of unusual snuff-boxes, including this gold-mounted oliva porphyria shell, made in 1774. Price on application.

Kikapu, a shop specialising in ethnic arts and crafts from Africa, Asia and the Americas, is a perfect hunting-ground for unusual Christmas gifts. On sale is a wealth of richly-coloured crafts: painted elephants from Rajasthan, Ethiopian silver and amber jewellery, Masai wedding necklaces, baskets from Thailand. New this season is the range of hand-carved kisii stone products from Kenya. Prices from £5.99.



Stubble trouble? Conquer it with the new Exact 5 Beard Trimmer from Braun. With its five height-settings, it will tame the unruliest beard or, on the lowest setting, create perfect designer-stubble. Priced at £34.95 and available from larger chemists and major department stores.

Treat someone who boasts about his or her driving skills to a Castle Combe Skid Pan gift voucher. For £39.50 the recipient can enjoy "slip-sliding" on the specially-constructed slimy skid pan at the Castle Combe circuit near Chippenham, Wiltshire, close to the M4. A qualified instructor gives advice about controlling cars on slippery and wet surfaces, and the experience is practical as well as fun. During a three-hour session, the driver is instructed in skid control, cadence braking and hand-brake turns, and does a timed trial. Sessions are held on Friday and Saturday afternoons, but for a period immediately after Christmas the circuit will be open every day except Sunday.

The My First Sony range of electrical goods for youngsters is bright, chunky and great fun. New for Christmas is the Block-kit Radio, which has a detachable speaker, priced at £29.99.



Just the job for winter evenings by the fire—Gieves & Hawkes's sumptuous, velvet smoking jacket. Dark brown with pure cotton lining, piped edging and a tasselled sash. £375.



Gold-and-steel padlock key-ring from Bulgari, £450.

Introduce your offspring to the finer side of living with the Fortnum & Mason Children's Christmas Treat. This mini-hamper contains a Christmas pudding, Epicure Honey in a bear-shaped pot, jar of strawberry preserve, chocolate bar and citrus fruit segments and costs just £13.50. But beware, once they have tasted these, they may never want to sup on lesser brands again!

High-flyers will appreciate the newest flight of fancy from Hermès—a silk kite patterned with the same design as the company's French bicentenary scarf. Available in the Sloane Street and New Bond Street stores for £570.



Dazzle a special friend with the Aphrodite 18-carat gold watch, below, from Corum, the Swiss watchmakers. With a leather strap, Aphrodite costs £2,620; with gold bracelet and brilliant-cut diamonds, £10,200. Available from Garrard, Asprey and Collingwood.

These Big Foot dinosaur slippers unleash an echoing crash with each step the wearer takes. Made from soft, thick polyester fabric, with battery-operated sound boxes zipped in, they can be unearthed at Frog Hollow in Kensington for £24.99, and at other good gift shops.



Courtesy of America's most innovative store, you can be the star of your own video. The First Automatic Cameraman is a bar which can be mounted horizontally between a tripod and standard video camera. With a transmitter clipped to your belt, you can run and jump about and the camera will pan and film your every move within a 35-foot radius, keeping you always at the centre of focus. It works with all camcorders weighing less than 8lb and can also be used with still cameras for great action shots. The battery-operated device, right, costs \$299.95 (approximately £160) and a collapsible tripod to go with it, \$99.95 (£53). Write for a catalogue from Hammacher Schlemmer, Department 99108, PO Box 2549, Northbrook, Illinois 60065, USA.

A David Morris rigid pearl choker is a wonderful Christmas extravagance. There is a wide range to choose from—a gold and pearl choker with rare, coloured diamonds costs £16,511.



Have you ever wished you could whoosh down a snowy slope without the encumbrance of skis and sticks? A pair of revolutionary new ski boots which combine the functions of boots and skis should provide this freedom. Snow Runners, which resemble ordinary ski boots, are suitable for beginners and experts alike and require a similar technique to skiing. So far, testers have been delighted, and the boots are sure to be in action all over the slopes this winter as more ski schools offer Snow Runner lessons. The specially-designed plastic soles glide easily down pistes, along snow-covered roads and over fields, and the boots' sharp edges give added control. An extended tip on the toe-end enables the wearer to kick off and gather speed, and can be used to prevent slipping backwards when walking uphill. The heel is also slightly extended to act as a brake. The result is easier manoeuvrability and control of speed, with no loss of exhilaration. Furthermore, unlike crippling ski boots, they are comfortable and flexible. Available in most sports shops at £99 a pair, they work out a good deal cheaper than buying conventional boots and skis.





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A Day Out of the Ordinary



Halcyon Days has been inspired by the 18th-century Orient for its new collection of enamel objects, for example this *cache-pot*. £100.



Tiffany's sterling-silver kaleidoscope is an extravagant executive toy. Twiddle the end of it and watch the multi-coloured, semi-precious stones tumble about in pretty patterns. £1,050.

Lalique's Hokkaido night lamp has an illuminated body of satin-finished crystal whose diffused light spreads into the "veil" above, magically bringing to life the flying wild swans. £3,400.

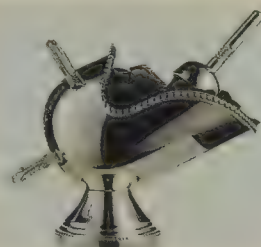


Few aspects of gardening are more of a chore than mowing the lawn enter the *Lawn Ranger*. This electronic, self-propelled lawn-mower promises to take over the tedious task of cutting the grass. Operating like a robot, the mower has "eyes" that tell its "brain" what needs to be cut. All you have to do is take it once round the perimeter of the cutting area to set the course, and from there it will keep mowing the uncut grass until the task is finished. Obstacles, such as trees, must be mown round manually the first time (unless you also buy the *Sonar Obstacle Detector*), but after that the machine will automatically avoid them. Apart from its labour-saving advantages, the *Lawn Ranger* is battery-powered and thus quieter than petrol-driven mowers. From about \$1,800 (approximately £1,000). For more information, send sae and cheque for \$4 (within the US), or three international reply coupons and \$4 in cash by registered post, to Technical Solutions Inc, PO Box 284, Damascus, Maryland 20872, USA.



Recollections makes replicas of objects from Britain's country houses and museums. New this year is the impressive *Embankment Bench*, like those that have provided Thames-side seating since 1873. With cast-iron ends shaped as camels or sphinxes, and slatted teak seats, they will valiantly withstand the British climate. Price £2,000. And, from Vita Sackville-West's magnificent gardens, the Sissinghurst watering-cans made of galvanised steel with brass roses. The larger, which is copper-riveted throughout, costs £31.50, the smaller one £19.95.

For those with a sweet tooth comes this intriguing silver-plated sugar bowl from Mappin & Webb, shaped like an old-fashioned coal-scuttle with a miniature shovel as the spoon. Price £38. Phone 0800 289276 for their free *Book of Surprising Gifts*.



Products made by the Shakers are crafted to perfection. Simple, attractive brooms, faithful reproductions of the originals, are handmade in Kentucky. The Shaker Shop in Marylebone stocks five different styles priced from £10.95 to £23.95.

Golf is on the agenda at Asprey this Christmas. Various intriguing gifts for the golf enthusiast include a miniature silver golf bag, with "clubs" which are toothpicks or cocktail sticks and are replaceable, £483.

STOCKISTS

Asprey, 165-169 New Bond St, W1Y 0AR (Tel: 071-493 6767); **Bulgari**, 172 New Bond St, W1Y 9PB (071-872 9969); **Chaumet**, 178 New Bond St, W1Y 9PD (071-629 0136); **Collingwood**, 171 New Bond St, W1Y 9PB (071-734 2656); **Crabtree & Evelyn**, 6 Kensington Church St, W8 2PD (071-937 9335); **David Morris**, 25 Conduit St, W1R 9TB (071-499 2200); **Fortnum & Mason**, Piccadilly, W1A 1ER (071-734 8040); **Frog Hollow**, 15 Victoria Grove, W8 5RW (071-581 5493); **Garrard**, 112 Regent St, W1A 2JJ (071-734 7020); **General Trading Company**, 144 Sloane St, SW1X 9BL (071-730 0411); **Gieves & Hawkes**, 1 Savile Row, W1X 2JR (071-434 2001); **Halcyon Days**, 14 Brook St, W1Y 1AA (071-629 8811); **Hermès**, 179 Sloane St, SW1X 9QP (071-823 1014); **Kikapu**, 3 Gees Court, St Christopher's Pl, W1M 5HQ (071-355 3867); **Lalique**, 24-25 Mount St, W1Y 5RB (071-499 8228); **Mappin & Webb**, 106 Regent St, W1R 6JH (071-734 5842); **Penhaligon's**, 41 Wellington St, WC2 7BR (071-836 2150); **Recollections**, 15 Queen Anne's Gate, SW1H 9BU (071-222 9898); **Shaker Shop**, 25 Harcourt St, W1H 1DT (071-724 7672); **Tiffany & Co**, 25 Old Bond St, W1X 3AA (071-409 2790); **Wartski**, 14 Grafton St, W1X 4DE (071-493 1141). **Castle Combe Skid Pan**, Castle Combe Circuit, Chippenham, Wilts SN14 7EX (0249 782101).



Cashmere has an undeniable aura of glamour and chic. The pearl-grey wrapover top, slim pants and fur-edged throw, left, are by Shi Cashmere. Main picture, right, shows one of N. Peal's celebrated capes over a short, black sweater dress.

CLIVE ARONSON/MIAMI

CASHMERE FOR THE NINETIES

"Cashmere is a classic and I always use it in my collections, be it spring, be it fall. I'm an American; I believe in sweaters, day to night. And people now expect them of me," says New York designer Bill Blass. "And," he adds rather wickedly, "I love their throw-away quality."

Throw away a cashmere sweater? Well, perhaps Blass can afford to be blasé. After all, his cashmères, beautiful though they are, hail from Italy rather than Scotland. Does the country of origin really make so much difference for a piece of knitwear? In the case of cashmere, one of the most luxurious and prestigious of natural fibres, it certainly does.

Cashmere is a wonderful substance that has a great aura of glamour and chic. Wearing a garment in cashmere is an immensely personal pleasure as it feels infinitely superior to other knitted fibres. The finest comes from Scotland—or rather, this is where the best cashmere is woven and knitted. Scotland has always been a world leader in knitwear, and with cashmere is years ahead. Italy's

cannot compare, and one should be extremely wary of cashmere from the Far East, used by certain American designers. This looks and feels fine at first, but the quality is low and garments made from it quickly lose their shape, texture and charm.

But, however wonderful cashmere may be, does anyone really want to spend so much money on a dull, uninspired V-neck sweater or a twee twin set with an over-abundance of floral intarsias? If this is your perception of cashmere, then its fashion renaissance has obviously passed you by. Cashmere has grown up and entered a league of its own.

Take a stroll through London, or indeed any major city, and you may be surprised by the number of shops devoted exclusively to cashmere: N. Peal, Shi Cashmere, Ballantyne, Shirin. In addition, it is a medium favoured by such leading designers as Isaac Mizrahi, Calvin Klein, Oscar de la Renta, Jean Muir and Bruce Oldfield. The list seems endless, as does the variety of styles avail-

able. As fashion and design in cashmere become more important, designers respond with new, exciting products.

Iranian-born Shayesteh Nazemi, known as Shi, specialises in cashmere and has successfully built a business from allying it with fashionable ideas and silhouettes. Garments are ruched, tucked and draped across the body in a manner associated more with fabrics than with knits. Shi's styles are figure-flattering, sleek, glamorous and far removed from the floral twin set.

Shirin is another who has established herself in the luxury cashmere market. Brilliant colours and modern, hand-worked intarsias have ensured her a cult American following as well as a market in Paris and Japan, and a shop in London's Beauchamp Place. Like that of Shi, her work respects cashmere's classic qualities and places an emphasis on workmanship but, through looser, more contemporary shapes and colours, the all-important fashion element is strongly presented.

An admirer of all things British and



Keith Hepple looks at exciting new approaches to an old favourite. Far removed from the classic twin set . . .

. . . today's designs are ruched, tucked, draped, patterned.



Intarsia patterns demand intensive work, much of it by hand. Designs such as this cashmere sweater from Ballantyne command high prices.

especially of British craftsmanship is Jean Muir, one of Britain's best-known and most respected designers. For years Miss Muir has honed her vision of subtle, low-key elegance for women. As well as her matt jersey dresses she has long been renowned for her bright, exuberantly-patterned intarsia cashmere sweaters, which are often referred to as more work-of-art than mere sweater. Her designs sell through Harvey Nichols, Bergdorf Goodman, Brown's and many specialist designer shops.

Bruce Oldfield, a favourite for evening wear, has designed, in association with the Scottish company Murray Allan, a range of cashmere leggings, pants, dresses and sweaters, many as ornately decorated with beading, fringing and embroidery as are his evening dresses. Some of the sweaters look as good as dresses when teamed with long skirts for easy, stylish evening wear.

The "classic evening sweater" approach has also been adopted in New York by America's latest darling of design, Isaac Mizrahi. He took camel-coloured cashmere, combined it with Lycra and had it knitted into tight, cable-knit sweaters and vests to team with voluminous satin evening skirts and sashes. Christian Lacroix in Paris did

ILN READER OFFER SWEATER EXCLUSIVELY DESIGNED WITH BRITISH CASHMERE

This cashmere sweater has been commissioned from designer Lizzie Hicks exclusively for readers of *The Illustrated London News*. Available as a limited edition, it is knitted in top-quality yarn from goats raised as a new British farming venture.

Two years ago the owners of the 5,000-acre Temple Estate in Wiltshire decided to diversify from sheep-rearing into high-grade fibre production, and to invite leading designers to turn the yarn into fashion knitwear under the Mayflower label. They began with a small herd of angora goats and, when this was successful, expanded into cashmere. Having scoured Scotland's cottage industries for the best-breeding goats, they now have a 100-strong herd which they intend to increase as rapidly as possible. Though the project is still in its infancy, the owners have set their sights high—to become the first British producers of luxury cashmere on an international, commercial scale.

Although first-class cashmere has traditionally hailed from China, there is no reason why Britain should not produce yarn to a similarly high standard. Herds of cashmere-producing goats have already been successfully introduced into Australia, New Zealand and Iceland. They can live just as happily in a Wiltshire field as on a Mongolian steppe and, providing they are kept in dry, comfortable conditions, the climate does not affect the quality of the fleeces. China's virtual monopoly on cashmere stems from its long history in the industry and its supply of cheap labour to comb hairs from the goats. A new, labour-saving process being introduced to collect the hair will make Temple Estate more competitive in the world market.



By working directly with the manufacturers, the *ILN* is able to offer this one-size-fits-all sweater at a considerably lower price than that of any comparable garment available in retail stores. Knitted in ecru cashmere, it is patterned by hand with intricate intarsia work around the hem, cuffs and on the shoulders, using colour-dyed yarns supplied by Todd and Duncan, Scotland's leading cashmere processors. To order, please complete the coupon below. Price £485 (including VAT, registered postage and packing).

☐ The sweater was photographed with jewellery by David Morris: 18ct yellow gold, pearl and diamond ear-clips and diamond bangle.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ROGER STOWELL

ORDER FORM

This offer is open only to readers living in Great Britain (including Northern Ireland), and remains open until April 30, 1991.

To order, please complete coupon and send to The Temple Estate, Marlborough, Wilts SN8 1RU, with a cheque/postal order made out to The Temple Estate. Or send to Illustrated London News, Sweater Offer, Laurence House, 91-93 Southwark Street, London SE1 0HX, if you would prefer to pay by credit card. Allow up to 28 days for delivery.

If you are not entirely satisfied, please return the sweater within seven days of receipt, in the condition in which it was received, and your money will be refunded in full. We cannot be held responsible for returned goods lost in transit and you are advised to take out insurance or to send them by registered post.

Name	Daytime phone number
Address	
Postcode	
<input type="checkbox"/> I enclose cheque/PO value	
<input type="checkbox"/> I wish to pay by Access/American Express/Visa Account Number	
Signature	Expiry Date





CHRISTOPHER MCCOY

America's latest darling of design, Isaac Mizrahi, gives a 1950s flavour to evening wear, teaming a low-cut cashmere sweater with a quilted skirt.

much the same when he added a white silk collar and cuffs to a charcoal cashmere cardigan, replaced the pearl buttons with huge, jewelled ones and teamed it with an enormous taffeta skirt. Sweater-dressing is not only chic, it also has the added bonus of being warm—a great asset for Christmas parties in English country houses. Cashmere is versatile, a boon for travellers, since one garment can be dressed up or down for a variety of different looks.

In New York Bill Blass is excellent at giving sweaters a sly twist and making them look like sophisticated sportswear. Boldly colour-blocked sweaters and cardigans are casually tossed over shoulders and knotted around hips for an air of nonchalant luxury. Blass also uses cashmere extensively for evenings: for sweaters, as a “sweatshirt” under a satin or lamé blouson or as the simplest tube partnering an equally simple skirt.

Many of the well-established companies—Pringle, McGeorge, N. Peal, Ballantyne, Lyle & Scott—produce

cashmere as well as wool and cotton knitwear. Naturally, crew- and V-neck sweaters, cardigans and slip-overs still sell strongly, as do the floral twin sets, which are extremely popular with the Japanese.

In addition to these classic pieces are newer silhouettes: loose sweaters and tunics, leggings, wide, easy pants, enveloping coats with tie belts, slim dresses, skirts, shorts and even evening sheaths. Ballantyne, for example, has signed up Oscar de la Renta and Alistair Blair to design cashmere ranges that are both fashionable and luxurious. And Ben Frankel, a longtime Ballantyne collaborator, continues to design elegant, timeless shapes and intricately-patterned intarsias.

Cashmere, far from being staid in fashion terms, has natural attributes which make it even more tempting. Although, like silk, it is frequently perceived as a delicate fabric, this is not the case. Like the majority of natural fibres it is resilient, hard-wearing, and “breathes”. Being lightweight and easy to pack makes it perfect for winter weekends away. A quality cashmere garment will last, and look good, for many years. Of course it is expensive, but the work that goes into each piece more than justifies the price.

Cashmere starts its life as the fine, downy undercoat of a less than attractive species of goat which inhabits Inner Mongolia and China. A temperamental beast at best, the goat is happiest in these somewhat inhospitable surroundings. Attempts to breed the goats elsewhere have so far met with little commercial success. China and Mongolia have a virtual monopoly on the world supply of cashmere, forcing buyers to make regular visits to sign and secure shipments of the precious hair for up to 10 years in advance. The goats, blissfully unaware of their worth, are not sheared, but regularly have their bellies combed to remove the loose hairs.

The down then starts its journey westwards. First stop is Bradford in Yorkshire. Here the hair is cleaned, scoured and graded into qualities: white, grey, fawn and brown, the white being the most valuable. At this stage it resembles nothing more than soft fluff, which is packed into bales, each weighing around 75 kilograms and worth a staggering £10,000.

The bales are sent north to Scotland, most of them to the mill of Todd & Duncan in Kinross. Although 120 years old, the company operates one of the most modern dyeing and spinning factories in the world and is the foremost supplier of quality cashmere yarn. The fluff is dyed to the requested shade,

usually taken from the firm's amazing colour library. If there is nothing suitable among the 10,000 shades which include 15 shades of black—then colours can be combined to create any desired shade.

After dyeing, the hair—resembling a heap of brilliantly-coloured wet cotton wool—is finely coated with a protective oil which allows it to be handled without drying out and becoming brittle or snapping. It is then carded—combed and re-combed until it becomes a “slubbing”, a long, evenly-coloured strand that resembles a piece of spaghetti. It now looks like knitting yarn but still remains too delicate to be worked until it has been spun.

Through all these processes the cashmere is relentlessly checked for quality: colour, weight, thickness and evenness. Nothing is left to chance. The cones of coloured cashmere yarn are then packed up and dispatched to customers (no colour is sent to more than one company, allowing each manufacturer a degree of exclusivity).

At the knitwear factory the cashmere takes shape as recognisable articles. Knitting is now a largely automated industry—but a considerable amount of hand-work is still involved—especially for cashmere. Ribbings are attached by hand, loose threads are carefully sewn in and scrupulous attention is paid to detail and finish.

The colourful, highly complex intarsia designs are executed solely by hand. Every stitch is positioned on a frame, with each man working on a single garment at a time. Intarsia work is lengthy and painstaking, each garment requiring anything from three to 50 hours' labour. A tunic in Ballantyne's summer, 1991, collection, incorporating an elaborate Persian-style floral intarsia around its hem which took almost 60 hours' work, will sell for around £2,000. By the time a cashmere garment has reached the dispatch stage it will have gone through as many as 45 individual processes which perhaps helps to explain the seemingly exorbitant price of cashmere.

Such is cashmere's current popularity that you can now, if you wish, be dressed in it from head to toe: hats, fringed scarves, vast, ruffled throws, gloves and, of course, socks. And, like any luxury item, cashmere makes a wonderful gift. At this damp, chilly time of year what could be more desirable than the warmth and softness of a piece of fashionably-designed cashmere? Classic or wildly-coloured and on the cutting edge of design, a cashmere garment is always welcome and sure to be in use for many years—unless, of course, your name is Bill Blass □

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CHRISTMAS QUIZ

Questions to tease the brain after the turkey! Compiled by Ursula Robertshaw.

A To whom are the following quotations attributed?

1 "Whenever you accept our views we shall be in full agreement with you."

2 "The opponents of our people are the money lords and the press lords who control the old parties. Britain is now ruled by King Bunk and King Bank."

3 "We have always known that heedless self-interest was bad morals; we know now that it is bad economics."

4 "The sound of the harpsichord resembles that of a bird-cage played with toasting-forks."

5 "Politicians are the same all over. They promise to build a bridge even where there's no river."

6 "Victory has a thousand fathers but defeat is an orphan."

7 "It's a recession when your neighbour loses his job; it's a depression when you lose your own."

8 "When the President does it, that means it is not illegal."

9 "To me, old age is always 15 years older than I am."

10 "I have never found in a long experience of politics, that criticism is ever inhibited by ignorance."

11 "Venice is like eating an entire box of chocolate liqueurs at one go."

B From what works, by whom, do the following passages come?

1 "So far from the line of the tree when it is bare appearing harsh and severe, it is luxuriantly indefinable to an unusual degree; the fringe of the forest melts away like



C Who is the subject of this painting by Van Gogh, and why was it in the news this year?

a vignette. The tops of two or three high trees when they are leafless are so soft that they seem like the gigantic brooms of that fabulous lady who was sweeping the cobwebs off the sky. The outline of a leafy forest is in comparison hard, gross, and blotchy; the clouds of night do not more certainly obscure the moon than

those green and monstrous clouds obscure the tree; the actual sight of the little wood, with its grey and silver sea of life, is entirely a winter vision."

2 "Twelfth Night had come and gone, and life next morning seemed a trifle flat and purposeless. But yestereve and the mummies were here! They had come

striding into the old kitchen, powdering the red brick floor with snow from their barbaric bedizenments, and stamping, and crossing, and declaiming, till all was whirl and riot and shout . . . Whence came these outlanders, breaking in on us with song and ordered masque and a terrible clashing of wooden swords? And after these, what strange visitants might we not look for any quiet night, when the chestnuts popped in the ashes, and the old ghost stories drew the awe-stricken circle close?"

3 "Presently the track had lost all semblance of unity and split into a dozen diverging and converging camel paths, winding at the caprice of the beasts who had made them, among thorn and rock and anthills in a colourless, muddy plain. Here, without warning, the back wheels had sunk to their axles, and here the lorry had stayed while the caravan it had led disappeared from view. Tents had been pitched and the fire lighted. The cook, opening some tins at random, had made them a stew of apricots and curry powder and turtle soup and tunny fish, which in the final analysis had tasted predominantly of benzene."

4 "It was not a valley so much as an upland meadow, for there was no stream in it nor had there ever been one, and, though tilted up gently towards the west, most of it was as flat as a cricket-field. There it lay in the moonlight, yellow as corn in its cincture of broken ridges, a place plainly hallowed and set apart."

CHRISTIE'S



D Who are the sports personalities pictured above?

5 "As I lay awake praying in the early morning I thought I heard a sound of distant bells. It was an intense frost. I sat down in my bath upon a sheet of thick ice which broke in the middle into large pieces whilst sharp points and jagged edges stuck all round the sides of the tub like *chevaux de frise*, not particularly comforting to the naked thighs and loins, for the keen ice cut like broken glass. The ice water stung and scorched like fire. I had to collect the floating pieces of ice and pile them on a chair before I could use the sponge and then I had to thaw the sponge in my hands for it was a mass of ice."

6 "He knew, he knew perfectly well that at that moment they were at the flat, that they were greatly astonished at finding it unlocked, as the door had just been fastened, that by now they were looking at the bodies, that before another minute had passed they would guess and completely realise that the murderer had just been there, and had succeeded in hiding somewhere, slipping by them and escaping. They would guess most likely that he had been in the empty flat, while they were going upstairs. And meanwhile he dared not quicken his pace much, though the next turning was still nearly a hundred yards away."

7 "After two years of training he went to sea, and entering the regions so well known to his imagination, found them strangely barren of adventure. He made many voyages. He knew the magic monotony of

existence between sky and water: he had to bear the criticism of men, the exactions of the sea, and the prosaic severity of the daily task that gives bread—but whose only reward is the perfect love of the work. This reward eluded him. Yet he could not go back, because there is nothing more enticing, disenchanting, and enslaving than the life at sea."

E Which are the correct definitions of the following words?

- 1 camsho means
 - a) crooked, awry
 - b) Indian millet
 - c) a loose, sleeveless underbodice
- 2 geropiga means
 - a) having small buttocks
 - b) one of several conifers having white seeds and a wrinkled bark
 - c) a mixture of grape juice, brandy etc used to doctor port wine
- 3 merchet means
 - a) a fine paid to a lord for the marriage of a daughter
 - b) a snood made of fine gold or silver wire
 - c) a glass amulet
- 4 powan means
 - a) a species of whitefish found in Loch Lomond
 - b) a kind of shrub akin to the blueberry
 - c) between, amid (Scottish)
- 5 desmid means
 - a) depressed, unhappy
 - b) one of a group of microscopic algae
 - c) an artificially made semi-precious stone, a silicate of beryllium and aluminium

6 suricate means

- a) to sweeten
- b) a South African animal of the civet family
- c) a legal term meaning to procure to commit perjury

7 vinew means

- a) a gum used in bookbinding
- b) to make or become mouldy
- c) a dice game

8 jansky means

- a) in astronomy, the unit of strength of radio-wave transmission
- b) a dish made of ortolan and beetroot served at New Year in Latvia
- c) self-confident

F What is the name of this dog and what is his claim to fame?

G The following are varieties of plants grown in the garden. In each group which is the odd one out and why?

- 1 a) Blacksmith
b) Baldwin
c) Lancer
d) Tor Cross
- 2 a) Crawley Beauty
b) Waterloo
c) Elton Heart
d) Kent Bigarreau
- 3 a) Amsterdam
b) St Valery
c) Early Horn
d) Tender and True
- 4 a) Trocadero

- b) Unrivalled
- c) Green Fayre
- d) Valmaine
- 5 a) Fillbasket
b) Achievement
c) Streamline
d) Goliath
- 6 a) Grandee
b) Gento
c) Glen Cova
d) Sonjano
- 7 a) Queen Elizabeth
b) President Hoover
c) Sir Winston Churchill
d) Henry Ford



ANDREW LAENEN/REX FEATURES



H From the plants illustrated above, which is suitable for 1 a chalky, limey soil, 2 an acid soil, 3 a boggy, wet site?

I What are the essential ingredients of the following dishes?

- 1 Oeufs Rossini
- 2 Oeufs à l'alsacienne
- 3 Oeufs Conté
- 4 Oeufs à la forestière
- 5 Oeufs Parmentier
- 6 Oeufs à la provençale

J What do the following terms, used in wine-making, mean?

- 1 Goût d'évent
- 2 Vins doux semi-mutés
- 3 Egrappage
- 4 Appellations de climat
- 5 Garrafeira
- 6 Governo

K What cocktails or concoctions would the following recipes give you?

- 1 1 dash bitters, $\frac{3}{4}$ fl oz dry vermouth, $1\frac{1}{2}$ fl oz American whiskey, stirred with ice and strained into a cocktail glass with a twist of lemon-peel or a cherry.
- 2 Juice of 1 lemon or $\frac{1}{2}$ lime, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz dry gin, 1 dash bitters, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp crème de menthe, shaken with ice and served with a cherry.
- 3 $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz whiskey, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz Pernod, stirred with ice.
- 4 5 fl oz stout, 5 fl oz champagne, stirred very gently with ice.
- 5 1 qt claret, 2 oranges and 2 lemons sliced with peel, 8 sticks cinnamon, 12 cloves, heated and served just below boiling-point.
- 6 1 part lemon juice, 1 part vodka, 1 part Southern Comfort, 1 dash grenadine, stirred with ice.
- 7 1 oz cognac, 1 whole egg, 1 tsp Worcester sauce, 1 tsp tomato ketchup, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp vinegar, a pinch of pepper, 1 drop Tabasco sauce, swallowed entire.

8 Juice of $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz Triple Sec, 1 oz brandy, shaken with ice.

L What and where are the following places in Britain?

- 1 A Cistercian monastery, the home of Sir Francis Drake for the last years of his life, which contains Drake memorabilia.
- 2 A farmhouse occupied by members of a literary and artistic group and decorated by them and their visiting friends.
- 3 An Italianate village containing buildings of many periods and styles rescued by its architect.

4 A great house built for the 3rd Earl of Carlisle, which includes the first dome to be built in a private house in Britain.

5 A museum which re-creates life in the north-east of England at the turn of the century. A Home Farm, a Stephenson locomotive, and a colliery are among its exhibits.

6 A luxuriant, wooded garden created over 60 years by Osgood Mackenzie. Features include a 50-foot magnolia tree and the Bambooselem—a plantation of bamboos.

N From which carols do the following lines come?

- 1 We are neighbours' children
Whom you have seen before
- 2 No ear may hear his coming
- 3 He was little, weak, and helpless
- 4 Seek the great Desire of nations
- 5 Then why should men on earth be so sad
- 6 "A prince," he said, "in Jewry!"
- 7 We will lend a coat of fur

O A few musical questions:

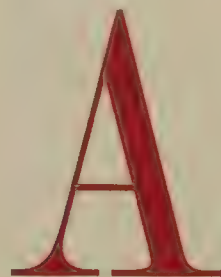
- 1 Who wrote Fanfare for the Common Man?
- 2 In which year were the Proms begun?
- 3 What is Elton John's real name?
- 4 By what name is Philip Heseltine better known?
- 5 Who wrote Moonlight Serenade?
- 6 Which American contralto was the first Negro to sing at the Metropolitan Opera?
- 7 What was Jimi Hendrix's instrument?
- 8 What were The Triumphs of Oriana?
- 9 Who wrote The Frog quartet?



M Name these four castles.



JOHN BETHILL



Answers on page 95.



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THE TOMB OF CHRIST



JOHN CROOK

Martin Biddle investigates the Tomb of Jesus Christ in Jerusalem using both archaeological methods and the latest techniques in photogrammetry.

In 1927 the church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem was shaken by an earthquake. The building was in a parlous state from years of neglect and inadequate repair, but the Religious Communities—Greek, Latin and Armenian—could agree only on the most urgent works, notably the reconstruction of the dome over the crossing of the Crusader

church. This was completed in 1935 to the design of the British architect William Harvey. In despair, the Mandate Government of Palestine resorted to the only possible option and propped the building up with steel and timber shores. For most of us these were to form the principal visual impact of the Holy Sepulchre for the next 30 years.

In the improved ecumenical

climate of the 1960s restoration became possible. A common technical office, working on behalf of the three Religious Communities, achieved a brilliant recovering of the ancient fabric, Constantinian, Byzantine, Crusader. Above the Tomb of Christ a new dome crowning the Rotunda of the Anastasis—the Resurrection—was the work of two firms of British engineers.



MARTIN RIBBELL



JOHN CROOK

Beneath this dome, at the focus of the columned Rotunda of the Anastasis, the Tomb of Christ alone stands unrestored. Also badly shaken by the earthquake of 1927, the Edicule, or "little house", as the Tomb is commonly known, was strapped together in 1934 by the Mandate Government to stop it from collapsing. The cradle of timber and iron still remains, the girders marked **BURN STEEL INDIA S.C.O.B.**, emblematic of a vanished world (does any reader know what the letters stand for?). In the last few years Greek architects have successfully completed the restoration of the Rock of Calvary. The Tomb of Christ cannot long remain neglected.

The present Edicule dates only from 1809-10, and is the work of the Greek architect Calpha Comninos of Mytilene, who practised in Constantinople from the 1790s restoring churches, building houses, and apparently working for the sultan. Comninos built this Edicule immediately after the fire of 1808 which badly damaged large parts of the church, including the Rotunda. His Edicule has had a bad press: for Pierre Loti it was a "grand kiosque de marbre, d'un luxe à demi barbare" ("large marble kiosk, half barbarian in its luxury"); for Richard Burton "a railway engine"; and in style-speak "Turco-Baroque", not the most encouraging of epithets.

Inside the Edicule the pilgrim passes through the Chapel of the Angel to bend double through a low doorway into the Tomb Chamber. Here to the north, or right, is the low, stone bench, now covered with marble slabs, upon

which the body of Christ lay. The Tomb Chamber and its low entrance still retain the form of a Jewish tomb of 100BC-AD100.

Such is its present tottering condition that the Edicule will have to be taken down, stone by stone, and rebuilt. In the process the earlier structures, or what remains of them, will inevitably come to light. The question is whether anyone will be on hand to record what becomes visible. There are those who say: "We know what happened here. There is no need for archaeology." Many may find the first statement common ground, but even these may feel that what happened to the Tomb of Christ in later years, after the events of the Resurrection, is of absorbing interest and importance. In terms of the architectural expression of cult, there can be no more significant or influential structural sequence in the western world.

The prime mover behind the recent investigations is Dr G.S.P. Freeman-Grenville who has long been urging the need for recording before and during any restoration of the Tomb. At his suggestion my wife, Birthe Kjølbye-Biddle, and I put forward to the Religious Communities in the Holy Sepulchre a scheme for a comprehensive investigation and record of the present state of the Edicule. Nothing was to be disturbed—there is no question of excavation until the actual work of restoration begins—but the Edicule would be recorded inside and out using both the traditional methods of architectural archaeology and the most recent

techniques of photogrammetry.

The traditional methods involved a stone by stone description of the structure by drawing and photography and by word, recording details of stone jointing, decoration and wear, together with any changes of style, technique, or alignment which might suggest different periods of work, or reflect the influence of earlier forms.

To undertake the photogrammetric investigation we were joined by Mike Cooper, director of the Engineering Photogrammetry Unit at City University, London. We had already worked together on recording the Shrine of St Alban in St Alban's Abbey, Hertfordshire, a project which has in several ways proved to be a model for the investigation of the Tomb of Christ.

Photogrammetry is a technique originally developed for aerial mapping, but which can equally well be used at ground level to record in three dimensions the form of structures both natural and man-made. It relies on the taking of photographic stereo images which include a network of independently surveyed markers. These images are recreated in an Intergraph "InterMap Analytic" plotter in such a way that any individual point within the area of the image is recorded automatically and its co-ordinates stored. From these data, elevations, sections, plans and three-dimensional views can be produced at will on a computer screen, and printed to any required scale, the level of detail depending only on the amount of

Above left, the domes of the church of the Holy Sepulchre in the midst of Jerusalem. Above, the Tomb Chamber, showing the mortuary couch. Opposite, the Edicule in its steel cradle.

time devoted to logging the detail in the images.

An additional and important advantage of photogrammetry is that the negatives form a permanent record, which can be archived in multiple copies and reinterrogated in the future to recreate any desired representation of the object recorded. The plotter can also be used to record in digitised form early views, models and dimensions of the Edicule, thus allowing us to test hypotheses about its development in the light of these records.

This, then, is the nature of the project. In two fortnights in 1989 and 1990 we have completed the record we set out to make. Gresham College in London funded the work in both seasons. The first and most surprising point to emerge is how little anyone has studied the Edicule in detail in recent times. Dr John Wilkinson, author of *Jerusalem as Jesus Knew it: Archaeology as Evidence*, has written the basic modern account showing that the Tomb of Christ has probably "changed a great deal less in form" since the time of Constantine than has usually been thought. But the somewhat daunting style of the apparently complete rebuilding in 1809-10 has deterred close scrutiny.

We know from the Gospel accounts that the new tomb



JOHN CROOK

belonging to Joseph of Arimathea was hewn in the rock in a garden near the city. Within, the mortuary couch was situated (as Mark records) on the right-hand side, and to look inside one had to stoop beneath the low door (as John noted).

The Christian community in Jerusalem seems to have preserved knowledge of the location of the Tomb – although its site

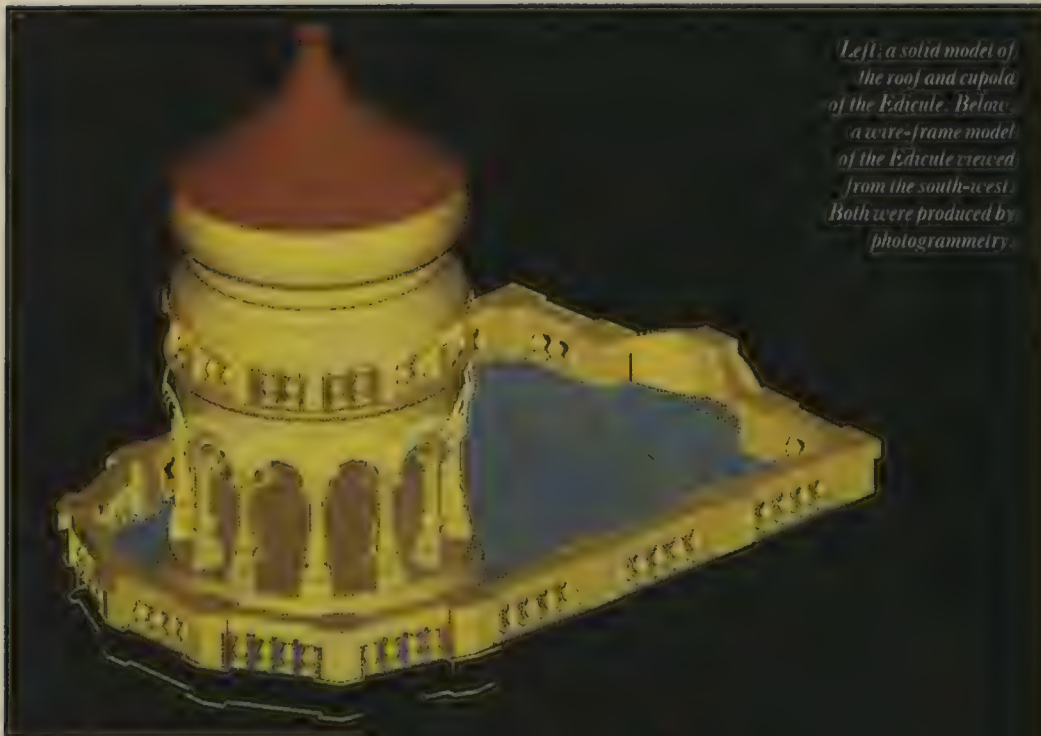
was covered from 135 until 326 by the Temple of Aphrodite built by Hadrian – since Bishop Macarius of Jerusalem was able to indicate its approximate location to the emperor Constantine's builders in 326. "And behold," wrote Eusebius, an eye-witness, "the place which had witnessed the Resurrection of the Saviour reappeared, surpassing all hopes." No one knows why this

particular Tomb was identified as distinct from other tombs in the area, but from then on this one has been taken as authentic.

Constantine cut away the surrounding rock, leaving the Tomb standing as a monolith at the centre of a levelled court. The exterior of the monolith and the interior of the Tomb he decorated with marble and other fittings, producing in essence the form

which still survives. At first Constantine's Edicule stood in the open, but before the end of the fourth century a great Rotunda had been constructed above it and this also survives although it has more than once been rebuilt.

Constantine's Edicule survived (if not unpillaged) the Persian sack of 614 and was untouched by the Arab capture of Jerusalem in 638, but in 1009 it



Left, a solid model of the roof and cupola of the Edicule. Below, a wire-frame model of the Edicule viewed from the south-west. Both were produced by photogrammetry.

was smashed to pieces by order of the Fatimid caliph al-Hakim. The rock ceiling and the west and east walls were removed, but records made in 1555, 1728 and 1809-10 suggest that the south and north walls and the mortuary couch survived at least in part.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre was rebuilt in the 1040s by the Byzantine Emperor Constantine Monomachos. The Edicule was also restored, its original form apparently recovered by building up the broken walls in masonry. This was the state in which the Crusaders found the Tomb of Christ on July 15, 1099, when they entered Jerusalem and Godfrey de Bouillon was elected Defender of the Holy Sepulchre. The Edicule was enhanced with decorations by the Crusaders and crowned with a silver figure of Christ, which was subsequently melted down to pay the troops after the defeat at Hattin in 1187.

Although later much despoiled, the Edicule of Constantine Monomachos survived throughout the Middle Ages. In 1555 it was taken down and rebuilt by the Franciscan Custos of the Holy Land, Boniface of Ragusa, who also covered the interior with marble slabs. The interior was again restored in 1728 when the masonry walls were seen by Father Elzear Horn.

In 1808 a disastrous fire, beginning in the gallery of the Rotunda, ran through the church. Much was destroyed, but the Edicule was only partly damaged, although the dome of the Rotunda collapsed around it. The fire singed the Edicule doors



PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE CITY UNIVERSITY

still preserved in the Museum of the Greek Orthodox Patriarchate), but the interior was untouched. In 1809-10 Comninos restored the church and rebuilt the Edicule from the ground up.

When we began work in 1989 we did not expect to find any traces on the exterior of work earlier than 1809-10. Almost immediately, by following basic archaeological laws of superimposition, we proved ourselves wrong. In front of the Edicule stand the elaborate stone bases of two candelabra, dated in a Greek inscription by the calendar year 1810 (written in Arabic numerals). These candelabra override

and were clearly constructed after the basal plinth of the Edicule. Examination all round the structure soon confirmed this observation: the bottom course, and hence the basic plan of the present Edicule, was laid down before the fire of 1808 and may thus belong to the rebuilding by Boniface of Ragusa in 1555.

Soon afterwards, examining the marble floor of the entry immediately in front of the Edicule, we noticed that it is laid on a slightly different alignment to the structure defined by the plinth described above. This alignment corresponds to some elements of the church as rebuilt by Constan-

tine Monomachos in the 1040s. It rather looks as if the Edicule reconstructed by Monomachos followed this alignment, as did the Crusader and later Edicule throughout the Middle Ages, whereas in 1555 Boniface took the opportunity to square his reconstruction up on the axis of the 12th-century Crusader church.

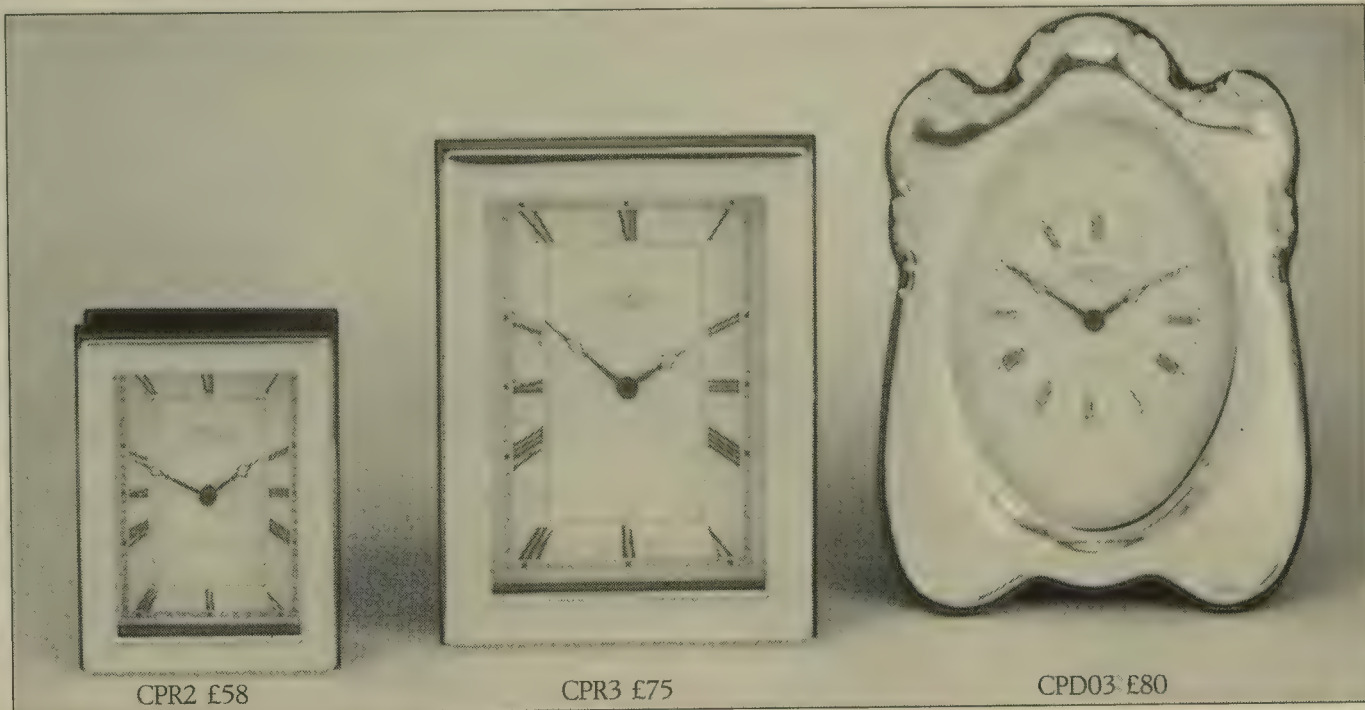
In making detailed records within the Edicule, in the low entry between the Chapel of the Angel and the Tomb Chamber, we were able to define further elements clearly earlier than the fire of 1808, and probably dating back at least to Monomachos's reconstruction of the 1040s. A rough masonry wall with marble facings can be seen buried in the roof of the low entry, concealed behind the work of 1809-10. Features in the side walls of the entry can be related to a description made in 1728.

In the Tomb Chamber itself, the marble slab covering the mortuary shelf is certainly that placed there in 1555 by Boniface of Ragusa, for it displays the false crack carved across it to deter the Turkish governor from removing so fine a piece for his own use. Under this shelf, as we know from Boniface's own words, lies what remains of the rock shelf. On the west side of the Tomb Chamber, behind a hinged ikon of the Virgin, the rough masonry of the west wall can be seen.

It is now quite clear that the present Edicule conceals within its tottering walls considerable survivals of earlier structures. If we accept the accounts of eyewitnesses of the reconstructions of 1555, 1728, and 1809-10, something remains of the original rock-cut Tomb Chamber, and doubtless something, too, of its conversion by Constantine in 326 and its later reconstructions.

By using the full potential of the photogrammetric record to model the exterior and interior surfaces in accurate relationship one to another we shall be able to see for the first time the wall thicknesses within which the earlier remains are preserved. By going yet further and reducing the available records of earlier Edicules to a comparable scale, Mike Cooper and the City University team should be able to show how these records fit within the spaces available. They may thus be able to predict the shapes which will have to be looked for when restoration is finally put in hand □ Martin Biddle is Astor Senior Research Fellow in Medieval Archaeology, Hertford College, Oxford

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Absurd Person Singular. Alan Ayckbourn directs a revival of one of his earliest farces. *Whitehall Theatre, Whitehall, SW1 (071-867 1119).*

After the Fall. Arthur Miller's 1963 confessional-drama with James Laurenson & Josette Simon. Directed by Michael Blakemore. Until Dec 29. *Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 2252).*

Bajazet. Racine's 17th-century drama of political ambition & romantic obsession, set in Constantinople. New translation by Allan Hollinghurst; directed by Peter Eyre. Nov 5-Dec 1. *Almeida Theatre, Almeida St, N1 (071-339 4404).*

Bookends. Michael Hordern & Dinsdale Landen in a new comedy written by Keith Waterhouse & directed by Ned Sherrin. *Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (071-437 2663).*

The Crucible. Arthur Miller's disturbing exploration of fanatical persecution during the 1692 witch-hunts in Salem, Massachusetts, stars Michael Bryant, Julia Ford & Zoë Wanamaker. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 2252).*

Dancing at Lughnasa. New drama by Brian Friel exploring the continuing lure of paganism in Irish village life of the 30s. Patrick Mason directs. *Lyttelton, National Theatre.*

Etta Jenks. New play by young American writer Marlane Meyer, with Miranda Richardson as an aspiring actress sucked into the world of pornography. Max Stafford-Clark directs. Nov 5-Dec 1. *Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (071-730 1745).*

Fences. Yaphet Kotto in August Wilson's drama, set in the 1950s, about the first black player to break into big-time baseball. *Garrick, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (071-379 6107).*

Hamlet. Declan Donnellan's production for Cheek by Jowl, with

Timothy Walker in the title role. Nov 21-Dec 15. *Lyric Hammersmith, King St, W6 (081-741 2311).*

Hidden Laughter. Simon Gray directs his own play, which traces the fortunes of a literary agent's family over 13 years of retreats to their country cottage. With Felicity Kendal & Peter Barkworth. Until Dec 15. *Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (071-836 9988).*

Into the Woods. Award-winning musical by Stephen Sondheim & James Lapine, adding twists to familiar fairytales. Julia McKenzie as the Witch, with Imelda Staunton, Jacqueline Dankworth & Nicholas Parsons. *Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (071-836 2294).*

Kean. Jean-Paul Sartre's satire of patronage & power about the 19th-century actor Edmund Kean, played by Derck Jacobi. Until Nov 24. *Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (071-928 7616).*

The Kingdom of Desire. Four performances only for the Taiwanese Contemporary Legend Theatre Company's production of *Macbeth*. A colourful, musical interpretation, in which director Wu Hsing-Kuo (who also plays Macbeth) breaks away from traditional Peking Opera styles. Nov 14-17. *Lyttelton, National Theatre.*

Love Letters. A. R. Gurney's play is based on passionate epistles exchanged between a couple for 50 years. *Wyndham's, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (071-836 3028).*

Man of the Moment. Alan Ayckbourn's amusing play about the meeting between an ex-bank robber, now living in Spanish luxury, & the determinedly uncritical bank clerk who tackled him 17 years earlier. *Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (071-437 3667).*

Once in a While the Odd Thing Happens. Paul Godfrey's fiction explores the conflict between Benjamin Britten's association with W. H. Auden & his partnership with Peter Pears, in the period leading up to the premiere of his opera *Peter Grimes*. Until Dec 1. *Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 2252).*

Other People's Money. Jerry

Stern's comedy about the struggle of a family-run business to protect itself from acquisition. Maria Aitken & Martin Shaw fight it out. *Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (071-437 3686).*

Out of Order. New farce by Ray Cooney, with Donald Sinden & Michael Williams. *Shaftesbury Theatre, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (071-379 5399).*

Piano. New Chekhov-influenced work from political dramatist Trevor Griffiths, set in the Russia of 1900. *Cottesloe, National Theatre.*

Private Lives. Perhaps Noel Coward's best-loved play, marking the return to the stage for Joan Collins after an absence of 10 years, to play Amanda. Keith Baxter co-stars as Elyot. *Aldwych Theatre, Aldwych, WC2 (071-836 6404).*

Racing Demon. Topical, political play by David Hare, about four south-London clergymen struggling to make sense of their mission in the inner city. Taut direction by Richard Eyre & superb performances from Michael Bryant, David Bamber & Stella Gonet. *Olivier, National Theatre.*

The Rocky Horror Show. Revival of the camp 70s rock musical, with Adrian Edmondson, Gina Bellman & Tim McInnery & a good deal of raucous audience participation. *Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (071-867 1118).*

The Shape of the Table. New political drama by radical playwright David Edgar, inspired by the notion that the shape of the new governments of Eastern Europe was largely decided in negotiations around tables. Opens Nov 8. *Cottesloe, National Theatre.*

Shirley Valentine. Elizabeth Estensen as the housewife who escapes her domestic shackles, in Willy Russell's comedy. *Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (071-836 5122).*

Stand Up America! A season by 20 of America's best stand-up comics (three different performers each week). Until Dec 1. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (071-734 1165).*

Tectonic Plates. Robert Lepage's witty drama about shifting human relationships, in a production by the

Théâtre Repère from Quebec. Nine performances only. Dec 6-12. *Cottesloe, National Theatre.*

Three Sisters. Vanessa Redgrave plays Olga, Lynn Redgrave Masha, & Jemma Redgrave Irena in Chekhov's classic, directed by Robert Sturua of the Rustaveli Theatre in Tbilisi. Dec 11-Mar 2. *Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (071-734 1166).*

To. Sue Johnston & John McArdle play the owners of a pub in Jim Cartwright's gritty two-hander. Nov 12-Dec 22. *Young Vic, The Cut, SE1 (071-928 6363).*

The Yiddish Theatre of Israel. First UK appearance for this new company, presenting two Yiddish works: *Hard to be a Jew* & *Shimele's Dream*. Nov 5-11. *Bloomsbury, Gordon St, WC1 (071-387 9629).*

RECOMMENDED LONG-RUNNERS

Aspects of Love, Prince of Wales (071-839 5972); **Blood Brothers, Albany** (071-867 1115, cc: 071-867 1111); **Buddy, Victoria Palace** (071-834 1317); **Cats, New London** (071-405 0072); **Me & My Girl, Adelphi** (071-836 7611); **Les Misérables, Palace** (071-434 0909); **Miss Saigon, Theatre Royal, Drury Lane** (071-836 8108); **The Mousetrap, St Martin's** (071-836 1443); **The Phantom of the Opera, Her Majesty's** (071-839 2244); **Return to the Forbidden Planet, Cambridge** (071-379 5299); **Run For Your Wife! Duchess** (071-836 8243); **Starlight Express, Apollo Victoria** (071-828 8665).

OUT OF TOWN

RSC Season at Stratford. At the Royal Shakespeare Theatre: *Richard II*, with Alex Jennings as the King, opens Nov 7. *Much Ado About Nothing*, with Susan Fleetwood as Beatrice & Roger Allam as Benedick. *The Comedy of Errors*, with Desmond Barrit as Antipholus & Estelle Kohler as Adriana. *King Lear*, with John Wood in the title role. *Love's Labour's Lost*, with Simon Russell Beale as the King of Navarre. At the Swan Theatre: *The Seagull*, by Anton Chekhov, with



Julia McKenzie as the Witch in Sondheim's musical *Into the Woods* at the Phoenix



Private Lives, with Joan Collins and Keith Baxter. *Mo' Better Blues*, set in the world of jazz, has superb music. *Good Fellas* explores Mafia violence in Brooklyn.

Susan Fleetwood as Arkadina, opens Nov 6. *The Last Days of Don Juan*, with Linus Roache in the title role. *Troilus & Cressida*, with Ralph Fiennes & Amanda Root as the lovers. *Edward II*, with Simon Russell Beale as the King. *Two Shakespearian Actors*, Richard Nelson's play about the rivalry between two 19th-century actors, with Anton Lesser & John Wood. *Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick*. CV37 6BB (0789 295623). **CHRISTMASSHOWS**

Aladdin. John Inman plays Widow Twankey, with Susan Maughan as Aladdin, Paul Shane & David Janson. Dec 14-Jan 19. *Churchill, Bromley, Kent* (081-460 6677).

Babes in the Wood. Traditional family panto, with Roy Hudd, June Whitfield & Bill Pertwee. Dec 7-Jan 13. *Ashcroft, Croydon* (081-688 9291).

Cinderella. With Bonnie Langford, Barbara Windsor & Jan Hunt. Dec 21-Feb 3. *Wimbledon Theatre, The Broadway, SW19* (081-540 0362).

Heaven's Up. Captain Beaky & his Band in a new musical by Jeremy Lloyd & Jim Parker. With Mike Berry, Patrick Cargill & Jack Wild. Opens Dec 6. *Playhouse, Northumberland Ave, WC2* (071-839 4401).

The House that Sooty Built. Mathew Corbett's furry friends in a show for the very young. Dec 17-Jan 5. *Bloomsbury, Gordon St, WC1* (071-387 9629).

More Tales From the Magic Carpet. Folk tales from around the world for 4-7 year-olds. Until Nov 24. *Olivier & Cottesloe, National Theatre*.

The Narnia Chronicles. C. S. Forester's stories: *The Lion, the Witch & the Wardrobe*, Dec 4-15; *The Horse & his Boy*, Dec 17-Jan 19. *Lyric, Hammer-smith, King St, W6* (081-741 2311).

Rainbow Christmas Show. Johnny Ball in a spin-off from the children's television series. Dec 18-Jan 5. *Wembley Centre, Empire Way, Wembley, Middx* (081-902 1234).

Robinson Crusoe. With Russell Grant, Tessa Sanderson, & Frances Dodge. Dec 13-Jan 12. *Vivienne*

Arnaud, Guildford, Surrey (0483 60191).

Russ Abbot's Palladium Madhouse. Family comedy show. Dec 18-Mar 2. *London Palladium, Argyll St, W1* (071-437 7373).

Save the Human. The animals are in charge & the humans are facing extinction. A new children's play by composer, director & co-writer David Wood. Dec 11-15. *Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1* (071-278 8916).

Snow White & the Seven Dwarfs. With Marti Caine. Derek Griffiths. Dec 14-Jan 20. *Strand, Aldwych, WC2* (071-240 0300).

A Tale of Christmas Past. New play for children based on Dickens's characters. Nov 15-Feb 2. *Polka, 240 The Broadway, SW19* (071-543 4888).

The Wind in the Willows. Griff Rhys Jones as Toad & Richard Briers as the Water Rat in Alan Bennett's adaptation of Kenneth Grahame's children's classic. Opens Dec 12. *Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1* (071-928 2252).

CINEMA

The following are some of the most interesting films showing in & around London in the coming months.

Bad Influence (18). A bored businessman gets seduced into a life of danger. Rob Lowe & James Spader star; directed by Curtis Hansen.

Blue Steel (18). Jamie Lee Curtis is an independently-minded rookie at the New York Police Department who finds herself being stalked by psycho Ron Silver. Director Katherine Bigelow sacrifices credibility for atmosphere, but creates an effective aura of menace. Opens Nov 23.

Cadillac Man (15). Robin Williams as a wisecracking car salesman held hostage by an angry husband.

Come See the Paradise (15). Alan Parker continues his run of politically-aware dramas with a love story set against the backdrop of the aftermath of Pearl Harbor in the US & the incarceration of Japanese-Americans. Dennis Quaid & Tamlyn Tomita are

lovers kept apart by government policy. Opens Nov 30.

Communion (15). Highly-strung writer Christopher Walken is taken aboard a spaceship by little blue aliens & subjected to a thorough physical examination. Based on a supposedly true story by Whitley Strieber. Philippe Mora's overblown B-movie tries for "mystic significance" & fails.

Criminal Law (18). Accused of a brutal murder, charming Kevin Bacon is defended by up-&-coming young attorney Gary Oldman. As the two learn more about each other Oldman becomes obsessed with the workings of the defendant's flawed but brilliant mind. Opens Nov 16.

Die Hard 2: Die Harder (15). Spectacular designer-violence, lovingly-filmed explosions & so on—this time set in an airport. Bruce Willis is once again detective John McClane, up against Latin-American terrorists who hold his wife hostage in a plane. Slickly done, but we've seen it before.

Dr M (18). Claude Chabrol's new film is a reworking of themes from Fritz Lang's tales of master criminal Dr Mabuse. With Alan Bates, Jennifer Beals & Andrew McCarthy. Opens Nov 30.

The Exorcist III (18). Second sequel to the disturbing, devil-possession hit of 1973, again written by William Peter Blatty, who also directs. Expect more green slime & twisting heads. George C. Scott stars. Opens Nov 23.

Flatliners (15). Stylish thriller from director Joel Schumacher about a group of medical students who decide to discover more about death. Their Frankenstein-esque experiments are often quite literally heart-stopping. Keifer Sutherland & Julia Roberts star. Opens Nov 9.

The Freshman (PG). Matthew Broderick is a New York University film student who ends up working for Mafia don Marlon Brando. Opens Nov 2.

Ghost (12). Patrick Swayze is shot in a mugging, but sticks around in ghostly form to help out grieving girl-

friend Demi Moore. Whoopi Goldberg, as a fake medium, is the only person who can see him.

Good Fellas (18). The true story of one man's 30-year involvement with the Mafia—known to each other in Brooklyn as "good fellas". Robert De Niro, Ray Liotta & Joe Pesci give outstanding performances in Martin Scorsese's fine film. The direction & pacing are faultless & the tale itself as compulsive as it is horrifyingly convincing. The violence is explicit.

Hardware (18). Explosive sci-fi adventure yarn (filmed on location in London), about a couple's escape from a prototype killing-robot in a dystopian future. Feature debut from writer/director Richard Stanley.

I Love You to Death (15). William Hurt, Kevin Kline, River Phoenix & Tracy Ullman head the cast in a sophisticated comedy directed by Lawrence Kasdan.

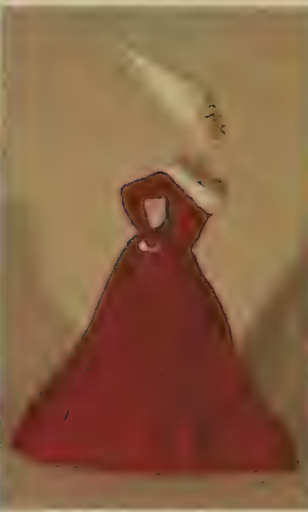
The Little Mermaid (U). Disney's 28th full-length animated feature is based on the Hans Andersen fairytale about a mermaid who risks everything to become human.

Longtime Companion (15). As AIDS takes a grip on 1981 New York, a group of gay men have to come to terms with the loss of many long-standing friends. With Campbell Scott, Mark Lamos & Dermot Mulroney.

Madhouse (15). Kirstie Alley & John Larroquette lead a contented married life in the suburbs until unexpected house guests arrive: from then their home becomes a madhouse. Tom Ropelewski's comedy tries too hard to be wacky & ends up straining the patience. Opens Nov 16.

Memphis Belle (12). Second World War drama, produced by David Puttnam, about a US B-17 bombersquadron stationed in Britain. Matthew Modine, Eric Stoltz & Billy Zane are among the crew but, despite wholehearted performances, the movie never really gets off the ground. Artificial special effects don't help. Directed by Michael Caton-Jones.

Mo' Better Blues (15). The relation-



Disney's *Little Mermaid*, based on the Andersen fairytale. Costume design by Uitz for E.N.O.'s Gianni Schicchi. Tippet's *New Year*, staged by Glyndebourne.

ship between Denzel Washington, jazz musician on the verge of making it big, and his manager, played by Spike Lee who also wrote & directed the movie, is delineated with skill & feeling, but the club scenes fail to convince. The music is superb throughout, & trumpeter Branford Marsalis makes a cameo appearance.

Un Monde sans pitié (15). Award-winning first feature from French director Eric Rochant, this modern romance features Mircille Perrier & Hippolyte Girardot. Opens Nov 30.

Nightbreed (18). Over-ambitious fantasy-horror adventure, written & directed by Clive Barker, about a group of monsters (the nightbreed beast-men & women—who hunt by the moon & live in a legendary city called Midian. Disappointingly predictable, with few thrills, but the monster make-up is stunning.

Out Cold (15). Black comedy with Randy Quaid as an exceedingly inept private detective investigating shady dealings between a shy butcher John Lithgow & his philandering business partner Bruce McGill.

Paper Mask (15). Low-key British comedy-thriller, set against a background of the crisis facing the NHS. Excellent performances from Paul McGann as a hospital porter posing as a doctor & Amanda Donohoe as a gullible, love-struck nurse hold together a not-always-credible plot. Written by ex-medic John Collee, the satirical barbs are surgically precise.

Presumed Innocent (15). Intelligent courtroom drama from Alan Pakula, based on the bestselling novel by Scott Turow. Top lawyer Harrison Ford is accused of the murder of seductress Greta Scacchi, but the evidence is contradictory (as in all Pakula's films, everybody has something to hide). Takes time to get into gear, but is worth sticking with for the twist.

A Shock to the System (15). Largely unfunny black comedy, based on a novel by Simon Brett, about an ad company executive (Michael Caine) who decides to mur-

der his way to the top. Elizabeth McGovern is the office secretary who could ruin his plans. Director Jan Egleson doesn't seem to know how to milk the moral ambiguity of the story for the most laughs.

Vampire's Kiss (18). Nicolas Cage is a literary agent in Manhattan haunted by the fear that his mysterious girlfriend, Jennifer Beals, may be a vampire. Opens Nov 30.

Young Guns II—Blaze of Glory (12). Six-guns blaze again as Wild West desperados Kiefer Sutherland, Emilio Estevez & Lou Diamond Phillips returns to breathe life into a once-moribund genre. The ultimate showdown pits Billy the Kid (Estevez) against his ex-partner, Sheriff Pat Garrett. All-action fun, directed with gusto by Geoff Murphy. Opens Nov 2.

London Film Festival. Lectures & screenings for the main event of the British filmgoer's year. Nov 9-25. *Various venues*. Information from National Film Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (071-928 3232).

OPERA

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA
London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2
(071-836 3161, cc 071-240 5258).

The Magic Flute. Final performances of Nicholas Hytner's imaginative production, with Thomas Randle as Tamino & Susan Bullock as Pamina. Nov 2, 8.

Dr Faust. Alan Opie sings Faust. Graham Clark is Mephistopheles, in David Pountney's memorable production. Nov 3, 6, 9, 12, 15.

Fennimore & Gerda/Gianni Schicchi. Charles Mackerras conducts this 20th-century double bill. Casts include Sally Burgess, Fiona O'Neill, Benjamin Luxon, Marie Slorach, Anne-Marie Owens. Nov 7, 10, 14, 16, 22, 24, 28, Dec 1, 6, 13.

Così fan tutte. Rita Cullis & Ethna Robinson sing the sisters, Glenn Winslade & Christopher Booth-Jones their scheming fiancés. Nov 17, 21, 23, 27, 29, Dec 3, 5, 8, 12, 14, 19, 21.

Pelléas & Mélisande. Cathryn Pope & Thomas Randle sing the lovers, with Willard White as Golaud, in David Pountney's new production, conducted by Mark Elder. Nov 30, Dec 4, 7, 11, 15, 18.

ROYAL OPERA
Covent Garden WC2 (071-240 1066).

Il barbiere di Siviglia. Australian baritone Jeffrey Black sings Figaro, with Raul Gimenez/Justin Lavender as Almaviva; Agnes Baltas & Edita Gruberova share the role of Rosina. Nov 2, 5, 8, 10, 19, 22, 28, 30.

Attila. Barseg Tumanyan sings the title role in Elijah Moshinsky's fine production, superbly conducted by Edward Downes. Nov 3.

Fidelio. New, traditional production by Adolf Dresen, after the excesses of the previous one, with Gabriela Benackova as Leonore & Jan Blinkhof as Florestan; Christoph von Dohnányi conducts. Nov 21, 24, 27, Dec 1, 10.

Les Troyens. Scottish Opera bring Tim Albery's production to London, conducted by John Mauceri, with Katherine Ciesinski as Cassandre, Kathryn Harries as Didon, Seppo Ruohonen as Enée. Dec 3, 5.

The Vanishing Bridegroom. New opera by Judith Weir, based on Scottish folk tales, also staged by Scottish Opera. Dec 4.

Die Fledermaus. Nancy Gustafson sings Rosalinde, Louis Otey is Eisenstein. Dec 15, 18.

OUT OF TOWN

GLYNDEBOURNE TOURING OPERA

Die Zauberflöte. Ivor Bolton conducts a sparkling performance of Peter Sellars's visually stimulating production in which gestures replace the dialogue; notable performances from Barry Banks as Tamino & Gerald Finley as Papageno.

Fidelio. American soprano Carol Yahr sings Leonore, with Mark Baker as Florestan.

New Year. Tippet, at his most mystifying & mischievous, expounds his vision of hope for the future.

Apollo, Oxford (0865 244544), until Nov 3. *Palace, Manchester* (061-236

9922), Nov 6-10. *Hippodrome, Birmingham* (021-622 7486), Nov 13-17. *Mayflower, Southampton* (0703 229771), Nov 20-24. *Theatre Royal, Plymouth* (0752 669595), Nov 27-Dec 1.

OPERA NORTH

The Threepenny Opera. Alan Oke sings Macheath, with Linda Kitchen & Llyndall Trotman as his rival girl friends, Polly & Lucy. Nov 1, 2.

La traviata. Eva Jenisová sings Violetta, with Bonaventura Bottone as Alfredo. Nov 3.

New Theatre, Hull (0482 226655).

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA

Carmen. New production by André Engel, with Jean Stilwell as Carmen & Noel Velasco as Don Jose.

The Marriage of Figaro. Bryn Terfel sings Figaro, with Anne Dawson as Susanna, Peter Savidge & Juliet Booth as the Almavivas.

From the House of the Dead. One of the finest productions of the 80s of Janáček's searing masterpiece; the cast is headed by Jeffrey Lawton.

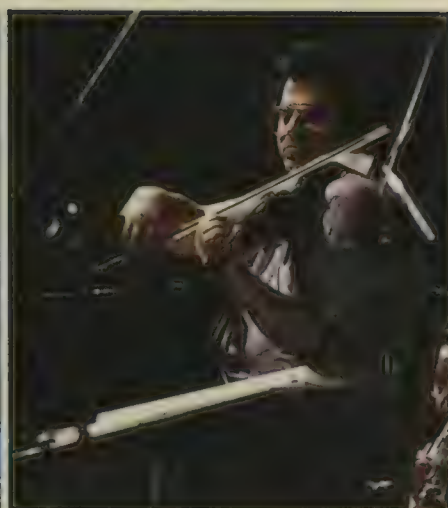
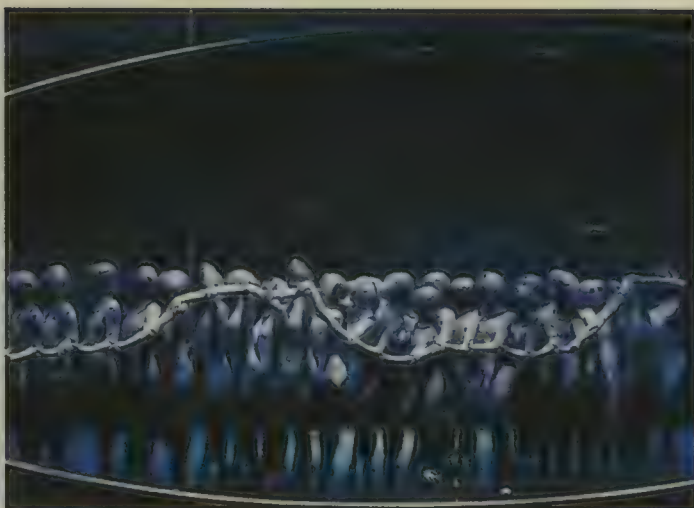
Apollo, Oxford (0865 244544), Nov 20-24. *Hippodrome, Birmingham* (021-622 7486), Nov 27-Dec 1. *Empire, Liverpool* (051-709 1555), Dec 4-8. *Theatre Royal, Plymouth* (0752 669595), Dec 11-15.

DANCE

Birmingham Royal Ballet. *The Sleeping Beauty*, Peter Wright's popular version, after Petipa, of Tchaikovsky's ballet, Nov 2, 3, 5-7. Triple bill: *La Fin du jour*, MacMillan's light-hearted view of life in the 30s, to music by Ravel; *Symphony in Three Movements*, Balanchine's dramatic interpretation of Stravinsky; *Elite Syncopations*, MacMillan's witty ballet to the ragtime swing of Scott Joplin & others. Nov 9, 10. *The Nutcracker*, New production by Peter Wright, Dec 31-Jan 12. *Birmingham Hippodrome* (021-622 7486).

On tour:

The Sleeping Beauty; Triple bill: new Bintley ballet/*Symphony in Three Movements*/Elite Syncopations. Nov 12-17, *Edinburgh Playhouse, Edinburgh* (031-



Suraya Hilal brings Egyptian dance to Sadler's Wells. Royal Ballet in Bintley's version of *The Planets*. Itzhak Perlman makes three appearances at the Barbican.

557 2590); Nov 19-24, *Theatre Royal, Glasgow* (041-332 9000).

Siobhan Davies Company. New work, *Different Trains*, with music by Steve Reich, & *White Man Sleeps*, with music by Kevin Volans. Nov 26. *Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1* (071-928 8800).

English National Ballet. *The Nutcracker*, produced & choreographed by Peter Schaufuss. Dec 21-Jan 12. *Festival Hall, South Bank Centre*.

Suraya Hilal & Company. *Divine Rights*, Egyptian dance & music with the Layali El-Sharq Ensemble. Nov 15-17. *Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1* (071-278 8916).

London City Ballet. *Cinderella*, Christmas favourite, choreographed by William Morgan, with music by Rossini. Dec 18-Jan 5. *Sadler's Wells*.

London Contemporary Dance Theatre. Programme 1: *Goes Without Saying*, Jonathan Lunn's exuberant ballet with music by Orlando Gough & John Lunn; New work by Dan Wagoner; *Cloven Kingdom*, Paul Taylor's lampoon of man's social behaviour, with music by Corelli. Nov 27-Dec 1. Programme 2: *Orfeo*, Kim Brandstrup's Olivier Award-winning ballet; *Beneath the Skin*, new work by Jonathan Lunn; *Turtles All The Way Down*, Dan Wagoner's interpretation of animal behaviour, to music by Copland. Dec 4-8. *Sadler's Wells*.

Mazeppa Cossacks. Traditional Cossack dancing directed by Roman Kalyta. Nov 4-6. *Sadler's Wells*.

Moscow Classical Ballet. *Swan Lake*, Anglo-Soviet co-production, uniting Russian dancing & British design, directed by Vladimir Vasilyov & Natalya Kasatkina. Nov 19-24. *Sadler's Wells*.

Royal Ballet. *The Prince of the Pagodas*, Britten's only ballet score, choreographed by Kenneth MacMillan. Nov 23, 26. Triple bill: *The Planets*, David Bintley's newest work for the company, with music by Holst; *Enclosure*, 21-year-old William Tuckett's first ballet for the company, to music by Alban Berg; *Elite Synchronisations*, chor-

eography by MacMillan. Nov 1. *La Bayadere*, produced & choreographed by Natalia Makarova, after Petipa, with costumes by Yolanda Sonnabend. Nov 6, 7, 9, 20, Dec 8, 11, 12, 14, 17. Triple bill: *Stravinsky Violin Concerto*, choreography by Balanchine; new Ashley Page ballet, to an electronic score by Bruce Gilbert; *Raymonda* Act III. Dec 6, 13, 20. *The Nutcracker*, Peter Wright's production, designed by Julia Trevelyan Oman. Dec 19 (m&e), 21, 22 (m&e), 26 (m&e), 27 (m&e), 28. *Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2* (071-240 1066/1911).

Sonic Arts Dance Project: 5x2. Five new dance works to music by some of Britain's leading electronic composers. Nov 9, 10. *Purcell Room, South Bank Centre*.

MUSIC

ALBERT HALL
SW7 (071-589 8212).

The Royal Concert on the occasion of the festival of St Cecilia. Mark Elder conducts the chorus & orchestra of English National Opera in extracts from operas by Wagner, Mascagni & Verdi, with soloists from the company. Nov 20, 7.30pm.

BARBICAN HALL
EC2 (071-638 8891).

London Symphony Orchestra. Colin Davis conducts Mozart arias, sung by Arleen Auger, & Mahler's Symphony No 4. Nov 1, 7.45pm. Richard Hickox conducts Barber, Strauss, & Brahms's Requiem, with Felicity Lott & David Wilson-Johnson. Nov 4, 7.30pm.

London Bach Orchestra, Goldsmiths Choral Union. Brian Wright conducts Bach's Mass in B minor. Nov 5, 7.45pm.

Leipzig Gewandhaus Orchestra, under Kurt Masur, performs Brahms's Symphonies Nos 1-4 & Piano Concertos Nos 1 & 2, with Alfred Brendel. Nov 6, 8, 9, 7.45pm.

English Chamber Orchestra, under Jeffrey Tate, continue their

cycle of Beethoven Piano Concertos with Mitsuko Uchida. Nov 10, 21, Dec 5, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Kent Nagano conducts Stravinsky, Dutilleux, & Brahms's Violin Concerto with Itzhak Perlman. Nov 11, 7.30pm.

Yehudi Menuhin conducts the English Chamber Orchestra in Mozart. Nov 12, 7.45pm.

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. As part of the autumn season entitled Israel: state of the art. Zubin Mehta conducts five concerts, which include the British premiere of No'am Sheriff's *Survival from the Dead*; soloists include Itzhak Perlman, violin, Mischa Maisky, cello, Radu Lupu, piano. Nov 17, 20, 24, 26, 7.45pm; Nov 18, 4pm.

Itzhak Perlman, violin, **Bruno Canina**, piano. Tartini, Bartók, Schubert. Nov 19, 7.45pm.

Krystian Zimerman, piano. Debussy, Preludes, Books I & II. Nov 23, 8pm.

Midori, violin, **Robert McDonald**, piano. Mozart, Strauss, Beethoven, Chopin, Ravel. Nov 25, 4pm.

Chamber Orchestra of Europe. Gennadi Rozhdestvensky conducts Britten & Stravinsky, Nov 30; Shostakovich, Dec 3; 7.45pm. Paavo Berglund conducts Sibelius & Haydn, Dec 7 & 10, 7.45pm.

Daniel Barenboim, piano. Bach, Goldberg Variations. Dec 2, 4pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Mariss Jansons conducts Saint-Saëns & Shostakovich, Dec 2, 7.30pm; Sibelius, Ravel, Strauss, Dec 6, 7.45pm.

Gidon Kremer, violin, **Martha Argerich**, piano. Prokofiev. Dec 8, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Jeffrey Tate conducts Shostakovich & Brahms. Dec 9, 7.30pm.

City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. Simon Rattle conducts Mozart & Ravel. Dec 12, 7.15pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Colin Davis conducts Mozart, Dec 13,

7.45pm; Beethoven & Bruckner, Dec 16, 7.30pm.

Orchestre de Paris. Semyon Bychkov conducts Berlioz, Saint-Saëns, Mahler, with Jean-Philippe Collard, piano. Dec 18, 7.45pm.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 8800).

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Riccardo Muti conducts Mozart's Symphony No 36 & Schubert's Symphony No 9. Nov 1, 7.30pm.

Royal Choral Society, Wren Symphony Orchestra. Laszlo Heltay conducts Handel's oratorio *Israel in Egypt*. Nov 2, 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra, Singers & Symphony Chorus. Andrew Davis conducts Tippett's *Mask of Time*. Nov 3, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia. Giuseppe Sinopoli conducts two concerts. Mozart's Clarinet Concerto & Mahler's *Das klagende Lied*, Nov 4; Mahler's Symphony No 8, Nov 30; 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic. Simon Rattle conducts Brahms's Symphonies Nos 1 & 2, Nov 6; Nos 3 & 4, Nov 9; 7.30pm

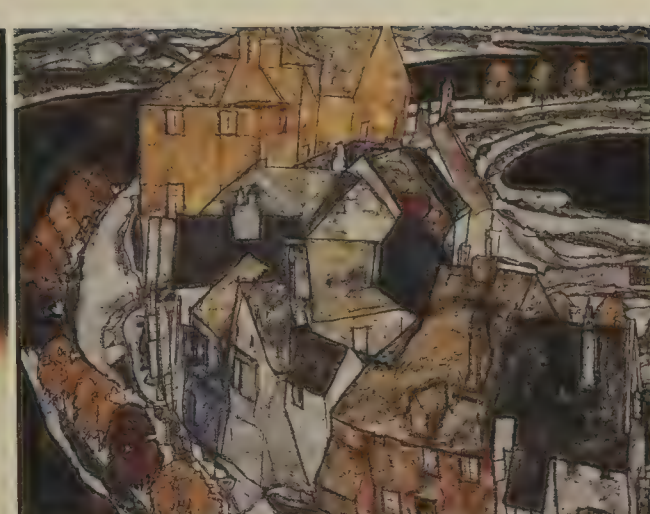
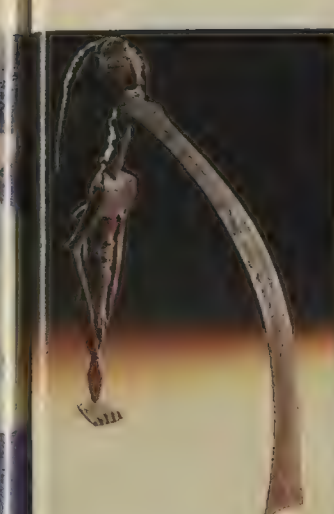
Royal Flanders Philharmonic Orchestra. Günther Neuhold conducts Brahms's Violin Concerto, with Igor Oistrakh, & Beethoven's Symphony No 7. Nov 7, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Vladimir Ashkenazy conducts Berg, Debussy, Scriabin, Nov 8; Walton, Brahms, Nov 11; 7.30pm.

Isaac Stern, violin, **Yo-Yo Ma**, cello, **Emanuel Ax**, piano. Schubert, Nov 10; Brahms, Nov 12; 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra 60th anniversary season. David Atherton conducts Bridge & Shostakovich, Nov 14; Pierre Boulez conducts Debussy & Stravinsky, Nov 21; 7.30pm.

Isaac Stern 70th birthday concert. The distinguished violinist plays Beethoven's Violin Concerto & Triple Concerto, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello & Emanuel Ax, piano, & the London Symphony Orchestra. Nov 15, 7.30pm.



Mitsuko Uchida with the English Chamber Orchestra at the Barbican. Victorian Christmas traditions at the V&A. Chagall self-portrait among Jewish art at the Barbican. Congolese art at the Museum of Mankind. Egon Schiele and his contemporaries at the Royal Academy. Muppets at the Museum of the Moving Image.

Simon Preston, organ, celebrates César Franck & his circle, including Pierné, Tournemire, Guilmant. Nov 18, 3.15pm.

London Mozart Players. Ian Watson directs Handel, Albinoni, Mozart, Vivaldi, from the piano. Nov 18, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. William Boughton conducts Smetana, Sibelius, Grieg, with Kathryn Stott, piano, Nov 22; Günther Herbig conducts Mozart & Bruckner, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, Nov 27; 7.30pm.

BBC Symphony Orchestra. Lothar Zagrosek conducts Stockhausen, Mozart, Maderma, Brahms. Dec 1; Schoenberg, Harvey, Busoni, Beethoven, Dec 7; Stravinsky, Beethoven, Dec 14; 7.30pm.

Gillian Weir, organ, plays Franek & Alain. Dec 2, 3.15pm.

London Philharmonic & Choir. Leonard Slatkin conducts Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Walton. Dec 2, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Günther Herbig conducts Mozart's Concerto for Two Pianos, with Katia & Marielle Labèque, & Bruckner's Symphony No 4. Dec 3, 7.30pm.

London Philharmonic. Kurt Masur conducts Prokofiev, Dvořák, Mussorgsky, Dec 4; Schumann, Brahms, Prokofiev, Dec 9; 7.30pm.

Die Fledermaus. André Previn conducts two concert performances, in German, with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Rosalinde is sung by Kiri Te Kanawa & Carol Vaness. Dec 10 & 12, 7.30pm.

Fidelio. Lorin Maazel conducts a concert performance, in German, with the Philharmonia & Chorus; Luana De Volsings Leonore, Thomas Moser as Florestan. Dec 13, 7.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL
South Bank Centre.

London Sinfonietta. Three concerts of new music from 10 countries. Nov 4, 6, 19, 7.45pm.

Peter Schreier, tenor, **Walter Olbertz**, piano, Schubert, *Winterreise*. Nov 5, 7.45pm.

Borodin String Quartet, Eliso Virsaladze, piano. Brahms. Nov 11, 3pm.

Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra. Ton Koopman conducts five Mozart symphonies. Nov 16, 7.45pm.

Chelsea Opera Group give a concert performance of Boito's *Mefistofele*, with Richard Van Allan singing the title role. Nov 17, 7.45pm.

Bernard d'Ascoli, piano, plays Liszt, Debussy, Chopin. Nov 18, 3pm.

Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment. Charles Mackerras conducts his own completed version of Schubert's Symphony No 8 & Crussell's Clarinet Concerto, with Antony Pay. Nov 18, 7.45pm.

London Mozart Players. Jane Glover conducts a semi-staged performance of Strauss's *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Nov 21, 7.45pm.

London Classical Players. Roger Norrington conducts Beethoven & Mozart. Nov 24, 7.45pm.

London Mozart Players play Mozart with Artur Pizarro, winner of the 1990 Leeds Piano Competition, as soloist. Nov 25, 7.45pm.

Les Arts Florissants. William Christie directs a concert performance of Luigi Rossi's *Orfeo*. Nov 27, 7pm.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

Christmas Festival Concert. Vivaldi Concertante play Vivaldi, Corelli, Handel & carols. Dec 2, 7.30pm. *St John's, Smith Sq, SW1 (071-222 1061)*.

Hospitals' Christmas Carol Concerts. Massed choirs of London hospitals with fanfare trumpeters & percussion. Dec 8, 3pm & 7.30pm. *Festival Hall*.

Christmas Concerts by Candlelight. Orchestra of St John's Smith Square play Pachelbel, Handel, Albinoni, Torelli, Vivaldi. Dec 8, 11, 7.30pm. *St John's Smith Sq.*

Messiah. Cardiff Polyphonic Choir, Orchestra of St John's. Dec 6, 8pm; Dec 9, 7.30pm. *St John's Smith Sq.*

Glory of Christmas. London Concert Orchestra, with choirs & soloists, play Bach, Schubert, Franck, Handel, Mozart, Clark, Berlioz &

Carols. Dec 9, 3pm. *Barbican Hall*.

Family Carols. Bach Choir, London Brass. Dec 13, 7.30pm. *St Paul's Cathedral, ECA*.

Christmas Carols. London Concert Choir & London Trombone Chorus. Dec 14, 7.30pm. *St John's Smith Sq.*

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Humperdinck, Strauss, Tchaikovsky, Liszt, Mozart, Offenbach & carols for all. Dec 14, 7.45pm. *Barbican Hall*.

James Galway's Christmas collection, with the Westminster Singers & City of London Sinfonia. Corelli, Bach, Vivaldi, C.P.E. Bach & carols for choir, audience & orchestra. Dec 15, 5.30pm & 8pm. *Barbican Hall*.

The Christmas Story. Readings & music for Christmas with the choir of New College, Oxford. Dec 15, 7.30pm. *St John's Smith Sq.*

Family Carols. Bach Choir, London Brass. Dec 16, 23, 2.30pm. *Albert Hall, SW7 (071-823 9998)*.

Carols. Orchestra & choir of St John's Smith Sq. Dec 16, 7.30pm. *St John's Smith Sq.*

Messiah. City of London Sinfonia. Dec 17, 7pm. *Barbican Hall*.

Christmas concert. Philharmonia & Choir of King's College, Cambridge. Dec 17, 7.30pm. *Festival Hall*.

Messiah. The Sixteen Choir & Orchestra. Dec 17, 22, 7.30pm. *St John's Smith Sq.*

Messiah. London Bach Orchestra. Holst Singers. Dec 17, 7.45pm. *Queen Elizabeth Hall*.

English Chamber Orchestra, Westminster Abbey Choir. Handel, Poulenc, Corelli & carols for choir & orchestra. Dec 19, 7.45pm. *Barbican Hall*.

A boy was born. The Sixteen & choir perform Sheppard, Tallis, Pygott, Britten. Dec 19, 7.30pm. *St John's Smith Sq.*

A Christmas Canzona. Songs & dances from 16th- & 17th-century Italy played by His Majesties Sagbutts & Cornetts. Dec 20, 7.30pm. *St John's Smith Sq.*

Carol concert by the London Sym-

phony Orchestra & Chorus, in the presence of the Princess of Wales. Dec 20, 7.15pm. *Barbican Hall*.

Christmas Oratorio, by J. S. Bach, performed by the Choir & Orchestra of the King's Consort. Dec 21, 7.30pm. *St John's Smith Sq.*

L'Enfance du Christ, performed by the London Symphony Orchestra & Chorus under Richard Hickox. Dec 21, 7.45pm. *Barbican Hall*.

Carols for Choir & Audience. City of London Choir. Dec 21, 7.45pm. *Queen Elizabeth Hall*.

Christmas Concert by the London Symphony Orchestra with the Kings Singers. Dec 22, 23, 7.15pm. *Barbican Hall*.

Glory of Christmas. London Concert Orchestra, with choirs & soloists, play Bach, Schubert, Handel, Bizet, Berlioz, Clarke & carols. Dec 23, 3.15pm & 7.30pm. *Festival Hall*.

EXHIBITIONS

AGNEW'S
43 Old Bond St, W1 (071-629 6176).

Keith Vaughan. Some 70 works by this Neo-Romantic artist celebrated for his depiction of the male nude. Nov 14-Dec 14. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm. BANKSIDE GALLERY
48 Hopton St, SE1 (071-928 7521).

Visions of Venice. Watercolours & drawings by British & American artists from Turner to the present. Nov 1-Dec 2. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Tues until 8pm, Sun 1-5pm. Non-members £1.50, concessions 75p. See Nelson's Column p8.

BARBICAN ART GALLERY
Barbican Centre, EC2 (071-638 4141).

Chagall to Kitaj: Jewish experience in the art of the 20th century. Part of the Barbican's season Israel: State of the Art. Until Jan 6. Mon-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Tues until 5.45pm, Thurs until 7.45pm. Sun noon-5.45pm. £4, concessions £2. Concourse gallery.

Israel—the stormy years. The country's development from 1948 to the present shown through the photo-

graphs of Micha Bar Am & Robert Capa. Until Nov 29.

André Kertész: Diary of Light 1912-85. First British retrospective for this Hungarian master of photography. Dec 12-Jan 23. Daily noon-7.30pm.

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD
Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (071-980 3204).

Spirit of Christmas: White Christmas. Sledging, snowmen, Jack Frost & other wintry themes. Dec 1-Jan 19. Sat-Thurs 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

BRITISH MUSEUM
Great Russell St, WC1 (071-636 1555).

Avant-Garde British Printmaking 1914-60. From Bomberg's Vorticism to works by Paolozzi, Butler & Turnbull. Until Jan 6.

Caves of the Thousand Buddhas: Chinese art from the Silk Route. Second part of this major exhibition of Buddhist art. Until Dec 12.

Board Games of the World. The origins of chess, backgammon & ludo. Until Mar. See feature p58.

Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

CHELSEA LIBRARY
Old Town Hall, King's Rd, SW3 (071-352 2004).

Embroiderers' Guild. Original works for sale by Guild members. Dec 4-8. Tues, Thurs 10am-8pm, Wed 10am-1pm, Fri, Sat 10am-5pm.

COLNAGHI
14 Old Bond St, W1 (071-491 7408).

A Collector's Miscellany: European paintings 1600-1800. Smaller-format Old Masters to tempt the private collector. Nov 8-Dec 15. Mon-Fri 9.30am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

CRAFTS COUNCIL GALLERY
12 Waterloo Pl, SW1 (071-930 4811).

The Decorative Beast. British animal representations in clay or on clay objects, from the 18th century to the present. Until Dec 30. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

FRENCH INSTITUTE
17 Queensberry Pl, SW7 (071-589 6211).

Santons de Provence. Hand-

crafted characters from the Nativity manger modelled & painted with amazing attention to detail by Madame Andrée. Dec 4-15. Mon-Fri 9am-7.30pm.

FROST & REED
16 Old Bond St, W1 (071-629 2457).

Marcel Dyf (1899-1985). French landscapes. Until Nov 30.

Impressionist watercolours & drawings. Includes works by Degas, Dufy, Renoir & Utrillo. Until Nov 30. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm.

GARRARD
112 Regent St, W1 (071-734 7020).

Garrard celebrates the diamond. Historical jewels, unusual coloured diamonds & the original designs for many of the Crown Jewels. Nov 7-Dec 1. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 9.30am-1pm.

HAYWARD GALLERY
South Bank, SE1 (071-928 3144).

The Drawings of Jasper Johns. More than 100 items executed over a period of 35 years. Nov 29-Feb 3.

Garry Winograd: figments from the real world. Diverse, vivid photographs of America over three decades. Nov 29-Feb 3.

Daily 10am-6pm, Tues, Wed until 8pm. £4, concessions & everybody Mon £2.

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS
The Mall, SW1 (071-930 3647).

European Sculpture. A survey of sculpture at the turn of the decade, mounted jointly with the Serpentine Gallery. Nov 9-Jan 6. Daily noon-8pm. Non-members £1.50.

MALL GALLERIES
17 Carlton House Terrace, SW1 (071-930 6344).

Royal Society of Marine Artists. Keith Shackleton & John Worsley are among the painters represented. Until Nov 12. Daily 10am-5pm.

MALLET
40 New Bond St, W1 (information 071-235 9141).

The Victorian Age. Victorian genre paintings from the Christopher Wood Gallery including two by George Earl recently discovered hanging in a

Liverpool pub. Nov 21-30. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.15pm.

MARLBOROUGH GRAPHICS
42 Dover St, W1 (071-495 2642).

Victor Pasmore, new aquatints & screenprints. Until Dec 1. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-4pm.

ROY MILES GALLERY
29 Bruton St, W1 (071-495 4747).

Winter show. Major paintings from the USSR. Dec 5-20. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

MUSEUM OF LONDON
London Wall, EC2 (071-600 3699).

The Tale of London Past: Beatrix Potter's archaeological paintings. Watercolour studies painted in 1894-95 before Miss Potter embarked on writing children's books. Until Jan 27. Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

MUSEUM OF MANKIND
Burlington Gdns, W1 (071-437 2224).

Images of Africa: Emil Torday & the Art of the Congo 1900-09. Sculpture, masks, textiles & weapons from the great Kuba kingdom showing the sophistication of the Congolese aesthetic tradition. Nov 30-1992. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
South Bank, SE1 (071-401 2636).

Muppets & Monsters. Jim Henson's lovable television puppets in the "flesh". Until Feb, 1991. Tues-Sat 10am-8pm, Sun 10am-6pm. £3.95, concessions £2.75.

SCIENCE MUSEUM
Exhibition Rd, SW7 (071-938 8000).

Space Planes. The history of reusable spacecraft & a look into the future. Until Feb, 1991.

Pollution Patrol/Heritage in Danger. Exhibitions on environmental damage. Until Dec 13.

Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 11am-6pm. £2.50, OAPs £1.50, concessions £1.

SCOTTISH GALLERY
28 Cork St, W1 (071-287 2121).

Denis Peplow, paintings. Landscapes & still-lives in a mixture of styles. Until Nov 24.

Alistair Grant: A Sense of Place. Paintings of Etaples & the Pas-de-Calais area. Nov 27-Dec 21.



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LONDON



Swimming championships in Cardiff and Coventry. The Argentine rugby squad

Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

SERPENTINE GALLERY

Hyde Park, W2 (071-402 6075).

European Sculpture. See entry for Institute of Contemporary Arts. Nov 9-Jan 6. Daily 11am-4.30pm (until 4pm in Dec & Jan).

SPINK & SON

5,6,7 King St, SW1 (071-930 7888).

Costume & Textiles. Historical & haute couture costume by such designers as Fortuny, Chanel, Schiaparelli & Dior, medieval & Renaissance embroideries & work of the Arts & Crafts movement. Dec 5-20. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (071-821 1313).

William Coldstream (1908-87). Sixty works by one of the most vigorous & influential British painters of the century. Until Jan 6.

Richard Long. Geometric sculptures of stone & wood by the 1989 Turner Prize winner. Until Jan 6.

Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (071-938 8349).

Pierre Cardin: Past, Present & Future. The French designer's dress collections from the 1950s until the 90s. Until Jan 6.

Christmas Then. Traditions of the Victorian era in shopping, pantomime, cards & costume. Dec 5-Feb 3. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm. Voluntary donations, suggested £2, concessions 50p.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY

Whitechapel High St, E1 (071-377 0107).

Ian McKeever. Paintings include some of the large diptychs produced recently in Berlin. Until Dec 2.

Emil Nolde: the unpainted pictures. Watercolours made during the artist's persecution at the hands of the Nazis. Until Dec 2.

1990 Whitechapel Open. Selection from 2,000 submitted works by East London artists. Dec 14-Jan 20.

Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Weds until 8pm.

SPORT

BASKETBALL

NatWest Trophy final. Dec 10. Albert Hall, SW7.

EQUESTRIANISM

Olympia Indoor Showjumping Championships. Dec 13-17. Olympia, W14.

HORSE RACING

Mackeson Gold Cup. Nov 10. Cheltenham, Glos.

H. & T. Walker Gold Cup. Nov 10. Ascot, Berks.

Food Brokers Fighting Fifth Hurdle. Nov 24. Newmarket, Suffolk.

Hennessy Cognac Gold Cup. Nov 24. Newbury, Berks.

A. F. Budge Gold Cup. Dec 8. Cheltenham.

SGB Handicap Steeplechase. Dec 15. Ascot.

MOTOR SPORT

London to Brighton Veteran Car Run. Nov 4. Starts 8am Hyde Park Corner, SW1; finishes Madeira Drive, Brighton, E Sussex.

NETBALL

England v Australia: First Test. Nov 17, Gateshead; **Second Test.** Nov 21, Leicester; **Third Test.** Nov 24, London Docklands Arena, E14.

RUGBY UNION

England v Argentina. Nov 3. Twickenham, Middx.

Scotland v Argentina. Nov 10. Murrayfield, Edinburgh.

Barbarians v Argentina. Nov 17. Cardiff.

Oxford v Cambridge (Bowring Bowl). Dec 11. Twickenham.

SWIMMING

TSB Great Britain Masters'. Nov 2-4. Cardiff.

ASA National Synchro Championships. Nov 3-4. Halifax, W Yorks.

TSB National Winter Championships. Nov 15-18. Coventry.

TENNIS

Prudential National Championships. Oct 29-Nov 4. Telford, Salop.

London Indoor Championships. Nov 5-11. Wembley Arena, Middx.



For the UK. Gilbert's *Perseus* among 19th- and 20th-century sculpture at Sotheby's



OTHER EVENTS

Daily Mail International Ski Show. The latest in clothing & equipment, holiday information & displays of skiing. Nov 10-18, Mon-Fri noon-10pm, Sat, Sun 10am-7pm. Earl's Court, SW5. £5, concessions £2.50.

Lord Mayor's Show. A terrific family day out with colourful floats & plenty of hot chestnuts. Nov 10, 10.45am. Procession leaves Guildhall, EC2, on its way to the Law Courts via St Paul's Cathedral & Fleet Street, EC4. The return route lies along the Embankment & Queen Victoria St to Mansion House where it arrives around 2.15pm.

National Cat Club Show. 2,000 of the country's most beautiful & best-bred felines, also pet cats & many stalls. Dec 8, 10.30am-5.30pm. Olympia, W14. £3, children £1.

Platform performances: Writing off the Wall. A panel including David Edgar, Peter Flannery & Mick Ford examine the response of British writers to last year's fall of the Berlin Wall, Nov 9, 6pm, Lyttelton; **Opera—interpreting the Classics.** John Cox, William Dudley, Rodney Milnes & others discuss new approaches to the classic repertoire, Nov 20, 6pm, Cottesloe; South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 2252). £2.50.

Remembrance Sunday ceremony. Members of the royal family & parliamentary leaders lead the nation in tribute to those killed in action. Nov 11, 11am, Cenotaph, Whitehall, SW1.

RIBA Christmas Lecture for Young People: Building Architecture. Edward Cullinan gives a talk for 15- to 18-year-olds on why buildings are no longer constructed in the simplest & most economical way. Dec 11, 6.15pm. Royal Institute of British Architects, 66 Portland Pl, W1 (071-580 5533). £2.

Sales: British pictures, including a portrait by Benjamin West of General Monckton of Quebec expected to realise more than £1 million, Christie's, King St, SW1 (071-839 9060); 19th- & 20th-century photo-

graphs including some by Lewis Carroll, Nov 1, Christie's South Kensington, 85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (071-581 7611); Rediscovered Constable landscape, *The Entrance to Fen Lane* (£2 million to £3 million), Dec 11, Phillips, 101 New Bond St, W1 (071-629 6602); British paintings including Constable's *The Lock* (£10-£15 million), Nov 14, 19th- & 20th-century sculpture, Nov 23, Sotheby's, 34/35 New Bond St, W1 (071-493 8080). See p7.

Tea dances. Step out to the Piccadilly Dance Orchestra or the Mayfair Radio Orchestra. Nov 7, 21 Dec 5, 19, 2.30-5.30pm. Queen Elizabeth Hall foyer, South Bank Centre, SE1 (071-928 8800). £4, includes mulled wine & mince pie.

CHRISTMAS EVENTS

Charity Christmas Card Shops. The earliest buyers can select the best from 500 designs sold in support of 92 charities. Open until Dec 18, Mon-Fri, approx 9am-5pm. Bishopsgate Hall, 230 Bishopsgate, EC2; 147 Cannon St, EC4; Congress House, Great Russell St, WC1. For details of other shops ring 071-242 0546.

Edwardian Evening. Turn-of-the-century costumes, Christmas fare & entertainment. Dec 6, 5-8pm. Kensington High St. W8.

Gerry Cottle's Christmas Circus. Thrills and spectacle in a big top pitched on the Wembley Stadium complex. Dec 26-Jan 20. Wembley, Middx (081-902 1234). £6-£10, concessions half-price. See feature on p24.

Christmas Tree. The Mayor of Oslo performs the switching-on ceremony for the lights decorating Norway's annual gift to the people of London. Dec 6, 6pm. Carols are sung between 4pm & 10pm each evening until Dec 24. Illuminations continue until Jan 6, 1991. Trafalgar Sq, WC2.

Wembley International Christmas Craft Show. A chance to buy Christmas presents from various parts of the world. Nov 24, 25, Sat noon-6pm, Sun 10am-5pm, Wembley Conference Centre, Middx. £2.50, OAPs £2, children £1.

QUIZ ANSWERS

A

- 1 Moshe Dayan
- 2 Sir Oswald Mosley
- 3 Franklin D. Roosevelt
- 4 Sir Thomas Beecham
- 5 Nikita Khrushchev
- 6 President John F. Kennedy
- 7 President Harry Truman
- 8 President Richard Nixon
- 9 Bernard Baruch
- 10 Harold Macmillan
- 11 Truman Capote

B

- 1 *A Defence of Skeletons* by G.K. Chesterton.
- 2 *The Golden Age* by Kenneth Grahame.
- 3 *Scoop* by Evelyn Waugh.
- 4 *The Dancing Floor* by John Buchan.
- 5 *Kilvert's Dairy*, Christmas Day, 1870.
- 6 *Crime and Punishment* by Fyodor Dostoevsky.
- 7 *Lord Jim* by Joseph Conrad.

C

Dr Gachet. Van Gogh's portrait became the world's most expensive painting when it sold at Christie's, New York, for \$82.5 million on May 15.

D

Top row, left to right: Stefan Edberg, Wimbledon champion; Paul Gascoigne, England footballer; Tracey Edwards, skipper of *Maiden*; Gabriela Sabatini, US Open tennis champion; Sachin Tendulkar, Indian cricketer. Bottom row: Graeme Hick, Worcestershire cricketer; Steve Backley, British javelin-thrower; Pete Sampras, US Open tennis champion; Katrin Krabbe, East German sprinter; Ayrton Senna, Brazilian racing driver.

E

1 a); 2 c); 3 a); 4 a); 5 b); 6 b); 7 b); 8 a)

F

Olac Moon Pilot (Paddy), Cruft's Supreme Champion, 1990

G

- 1 a) Lancer, a variety of gooseberry; the others are blackcurrants.
- 2 b) Crawley Beauty, an apple; the others are cherries.
- 3 c) Tender and True, a parsnip; the others are carrots.
- 4 d) Green Fayre, a celery; the others are lettuces.
- 5 e) Fillbasket, a broad bean; the others are runner beans.
- 6 f) Glen Cova, a raspberry; the others are strawberries.
- 7 g) Queen Elizabeth, a floribunda rose; the others are hybrid teas.

H

- 1 Wallflower (illustration left), 2 Camellia (centre), 3 Trollius (right).

I

- 1 Eggs, foie gras, truffles.
- 2 Eggs, sauerkraut, ham.
- 3 Eggs, lentil purée.
- 4 Eggs, bacon, morels.

5 Eggs, jacket or diced and fried potatoes.

6 Eggs, aubergines, tomatoes.

J

- 1 A taste caused by wine having been put into imperfectly cleaned barrels, being badly corked or very old.
- 2 Wines obtained by the addition of alcohol to partly fermented must so as to obtain about 15°.
- 3 Removal of the grapes from the stalks.
- 4 The Burgundian vineyards of the Côte de Nuits are called *climats* because of their varying climatic conditions. These are sometimes restricted in space and are usually owned by several wine-growers, all of whose wines, peculiar to a very small region, are sold under the name of the *climat d'origine* or district of origin.
- 5 A Portuguese term for a selected wine which has been aged.
- 6 Traditional method of chianti production involving the addition of a rich must to soften the fermented wine.

K

- 1 Manhattan Dry
- 2 Fallen Angel
- 3 TNT
- 4 Black Velvet
- 5 Glogg
- 6 Volcano
- 7 Prairie Oyster
- 8 Sidecar

L

- 1 Buckland Abbey, near Plymouth, Devon.
- 2 Charleston Farmhouse, near Lewes, Sussex, home of Vanessa and Clive Bell of the Bloomsbury Group.
- 3 Portmeirion, near Porthmadog, Gwynedd.
- 4 Castle Howard, Malton, near York.
- 5 Beamish Open Air Museum, near Chester-le-Street, Durham.
- 6 Inverewe Gardens, Poolewe, Highland.

M

Top row: Donnington Castle, Berkshire; Rochester Castle, Kent. Bottom row: Orford Castle, Suffolk; Clifford's Tower, York.

N

- 1 "The wassail song"
- 2 "O little town of Bethlehem"
- 3 "Once in royal David's city"
- 4 "Angels from the realms of glory"
- 5 "On Christmas night all Christians sing"
- 6 "Unto us a boy is born!"
- 7 "Rocking" (Little Jesus, sweetly sleep)

O

- 1 Aaron Copland
- 2 1895
- 3 Reginald Dwight
- 4 Peter Warlock
- 5 Glenn Miller
- 6 Marian Anderson, in 1955
- 7 The guitar
- 8 A collection of madrigals of about 1600
- 9 Haydn

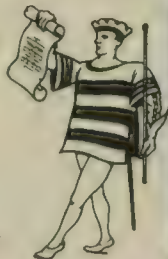
Quiz Questions on page 78

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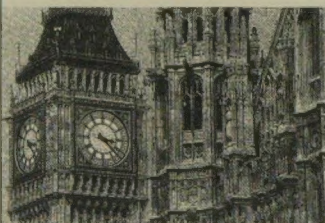
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Leonardo da Vinci's *Lady with an Ermine*, left, dating from about 1485 and believed to be Cecilia Gallerani, mistress of his patron Ludovico Sforza. Reproduced from *The Oxford Illustrated Encyclopedia of the Arts*, edited by John Julius Norwich (Oxford University Press, £25). Right, Churchill painting the château at St Georges-Motel, from *Winston Churchill—His Life as a Painter* by Mary Soames (Collins, £25).



BOOK LIST

A selected list of current titles which are, or deserve to be, on the bestseller list

HARDBACK NON-FICTION

King Edward VIII

by Philip Ziegler
Collins, £20

This is the "official" biography, which means that the author had access to the Royal Archives, where the Duke of Windsor's papers are held. But so much has already been written by so many hands, particularly about the abdication, that there proves to be not much more to say. Nonetheless Philip Ziegler tells the familiar story very well.

Lord Denning

by Edmund Heward
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £15

Lord Denning, who was a judge at the age of 44 and who did not retire until he was 82, has done much to humanise the law and make it more accessible, or more responsive, to the needs of ordinary people. He is also a man of great charm, with an endearing habit of occasionally putting his foot in his mouth, and makes a good subject for biography, although this is in parts a difficult book to read.

The Cambridge Encyclopedia

edited by David Crystal
Cambridge University Press, £24.95

The aim is "to provide a succinct, systematic, and readable guide to the facts, events, issues, beliefs and achievements which make up the sum of human knowledge", and this very welcome encyclopedia hits all of these targets. But potential purchasers should look carefully before buying: our copy had a number of blanks instead of printed pages.

The Road to Divorce

by Laurence Stone
Oxford University Press, £19.95

Marriage in England is a complicated and often disorderly business, and so is divorce. This is a detailed and absorbing study, from the days of the Reformation (which was closely connected with Henry VIII's need for divorce) to the present day, when divorce is easier but people may not be any happier.

HARDBACK FICTION

Brazzaville Beach

by William Boyd
Sinclair-Stevenson, £13.95

There is much that enthralls in William Boyd's new novel, and the two main strands of the story are both strong and interesting. However the pace is slowed by the method of telling, which becomes intrusive and at times even exasperating.

Spy Sinker

by Len Deighton
Hutchinson, £13.99

This is the third and final volume of the Hook, Line and Sinker trilogy, and throws a rather different light on characters and events already described. The plot is designed to stand on its own but cunningly interlocks with the earlier books, and those who have not read them may find it fiendishly complicated.

Brief Lives

by Anita Brookner
Jonathan Cape, £12.95

A relentless study of two not very nice women, filled with the detailed analysis and acute observation at which this author is supreme, but so lacking in movement that in the end it becomes a little stifling.

Longshot

by Dick Francis
Michael Joseph, £13.99

The hero of Francis's 29th novel is an expert on survival who is struggling to make a living as a writer. Needless to say he has to draw on all his expertise when he accepts a commission to write the biography of a successful but idiosyncratic National Hunt trainer.

The Burden of Proof

by Scott Turow
Bloomsbury, £13.90

Alejandro Stern, the American lawyer who lost a colleague and found himself on a murder charge in *Presumed Innocent*, now loses his wife in equally disagreeable circumstances. The result is a thriller as taut and chilling as the earlier book.

PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

Oswald Mosley

by Robert Skidelsky
Macmillan, £9.99

Preserving a sense of proportion and of history about Mosley is difficult for contemporary writers, but Robert Skidelsky has admirably achieved this in his very readable biography. This edition has a new introduction commenting on Nicholas Mosley's two-volume life of his father, together with an account of Mosley's interrogation on appeal against detention during the war, material which was not available to the author when he wrote the book.

The Time of My Life

by Denis Healey
Penguin, £6.99

One of the most entertaining political biographies of our time, shrewd, witty and penetrating, by one of the most formidable politicians the Labour party has ever produced, and amazingly failed to elect as leader. There is a new preface to this edition commenting on the dogmatic events of the last year.

How War Came

by Donald Cameron Watt
Mandarin, £6.99

A huge book, in scope and achievement as well as in number of pages, *How War Came* presents a magnificent panoramic history of a period which the author very reasonably describes as "the preliminaries of Europe's suicide". There is no better account of the uncontrollable build-up of these tragic events.

Wozzeck: Opera Guide 42

John Calder, £4.50

This is the latest in the invaluable series of opera guides published in association with English National Opera, incorporating the original libretto alongside a performing translation. The accompanying essays on Büchner's play, which Berg used for his libretto, and on the opera's inception and its musico-dramatic structure are particularly illuminating.

PAPERBACK FICTION

Falling

by Colin Thubron
Penguin, £4.99

A poignant story, simply but powerfully told, of a young journalist serving a prison sentence for his part in the death of the circus acrobat he loves. A finely written novel that is painful, moving and memorable.

London Fields

by Martin Amis
Penguin, £4.99

The end of the world looms over this dismal story, which relates the activities of a grim assortment of afflicted characters associated with the one apparently healthy person in the book, who seeks creative fulfilment by contributing to her own death. A good read if you like your comedy black.

Restoration

by Rose Tremain
Sceptre, £4.99

From an earlier Booker short list, an imaginative and very readable story which brilliantly but unobtrusively evokes aspects of 17th-century England, from the high life of Charles II's Court to the altogether grimmer experience of a Quaker bedlam.

The Beautiful Visit

by Elizabeth Jane Howard
Pan, £3.99

Elizabeth Jane Howard's first novel, which won the John Llewellyn Rhys Memorial Prize when it was published 40 years ago, skilfully recreates the world of an adolescent girl in Edwardian times with humour, tenderness and understanding.

A Shock to the System

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